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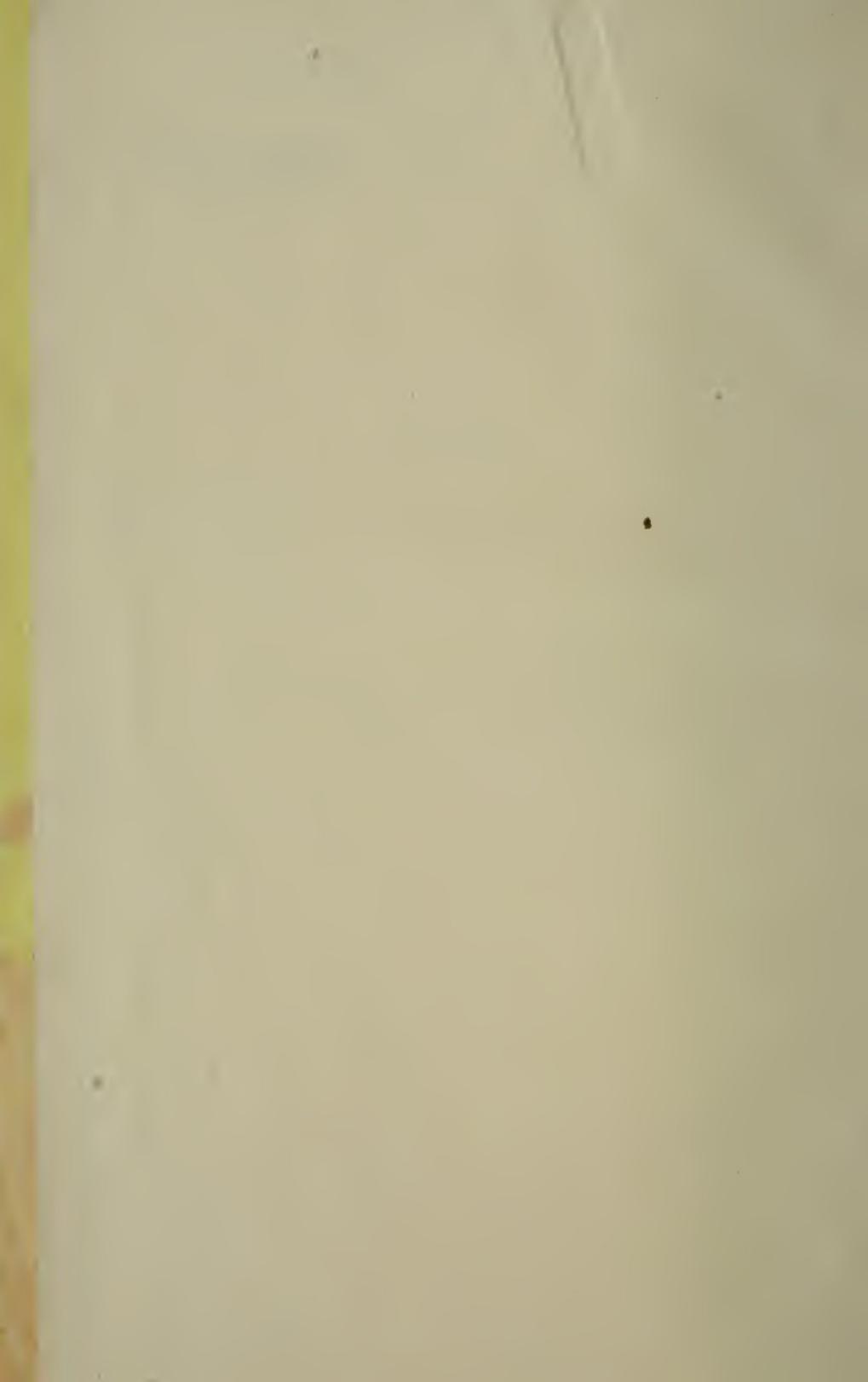
Brigham Young University

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Fred. Piercy.

Yours truly
Lyon.

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THE

Harp of Zion,

A COLLECTION OF POEMS, &c.

BY JOHN LYON.

WITH NOTES, AND A STEEL PORTRAIT OF THE AUTHOR.

"Could I embody and unbosom now,
That which is most within me,—could I speak,
My thoughts upon expression, and the throb
Soul, heart, mind, passions, feelings, strong or weak,
All that I would have sought, *sue d'l I seek,*
Hear, know, feel, and yet breathe—into one Word,
And that one word were lightning—I would speak."

Published for the Benefit of the Perpetual Emigrating Fund.

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Index.

POEMS.

	Page		Page
Preface	vii	Address delivered to the Saints at Burslem, Staffordshire	64
Dedication	ix	Farewell	67
Lines inscribed to the Author, by John Taylor, One of the Twelve Apostles ...	3	Fear	69
Inspiration	5	Reflections on a Bank Note...	71
Address to Elders F. D. and S. W. Richards, (Brothers)	17	Recreation	73
Lines to Elder Franklin D. Richards, by Miss Eliza R. Snow	20	There is Something at Hand	75
A Marvellous Work and Won- der	23	Zion	77
Exodus	27	Lines written to Elder Eli B. Kelsey, on his return to America... ...	79
Impromptu	29	Lines to Mrs. Eli B. Kelsey	81
The Press	31	Farewell Echo	84
The Prophet	34	Inscribed to Elder J. W. Cum- mings	86
Presidency	37	Lines written on the Departure of Mr. John Bromley and Family for Council Bluffs, N. A.	88
Eulogy, to Orson Pratt, one of the Twelve Apostles ...	39	Address to 'Forty-Nine ...	90
The Perpetual Emigrating Fund	41	Retaliation	93
Man	42	Forgiveness	95
Eulogy, to Miss Eliza R. Snow	44	The Boy's Questions ...	96
The Ruined City	46	Axioms	99
The Poet's Dream	50	Blessing for the Dead ...	101
The Apostate	53	Disease	102
The Orphan	57	Profligacy	104
Blind Justice	60	Ode to Morn ...	106
		Water	108

	Page		Page
Epistle to Elder James Lin- forth	111	Acrostic, on Jane Bromley	132
Mrs. T. B. H. Stenhouse's Farewell to her Husband	116	Acrostic, on an infant Daugh- ter of Mrs. Holbrooke, Manchester ...	Ibid.
Memento	118	Acrostic, on Lucy Martin ...	133
"It 's a Cauld Barren Blast that blaws Nobody Good"	121	In Remembrance of Robert F. Calderwood ...	134
Thoughts on visiting the Home of my Fathers ...	123	Lines to Elder G. B. Wallace	135
Lines inscribed to Sisters Montgomery and M'Lean	126	Epistle to — — Liverpool...	136
Time	127	Epistle to Miss J. Bromley	140
Inquiry	129	Epistle inscribed to J. M'Laws ...	142
Elegy, on Wee Hughie ...	131	Epistle—inscribed to S. R.	145
		Epistle to Elder John Jaques	148

SONNETS.

Septicism	153	Reverses... ...	161
Signs of the Last Days ...	154	Man-made Religion ...	Ibid.
Cholera	155	Sleep of Death ...	162
Lust	Ibid.	Epitaph in Memory of Elder J. H. Flanigan ...	163
In Memory of Elder James Young	156	Slaughtering ...	164
Suspicion... ...	157	On the Portrait of Elder G. P. Dykes ...	Ibid.
Faith	158	Poverty and Debt...	165
Independence	Ibid.	A Satire on Avarice ...	166
Obedience	159		
Regret	160		

SONGS.

	Page		Page
Strike the Lyre ...	169	Be in Time... ...	183
I'm a Saint, I'm a Saint ...	171	Mormon Triumph... ...	185
Song of Zion ...	172	Pilgrim Saint's Song ...	187
The Mountain Dell ...	174	To my Wife	189
"Tis for the Best ...	176	Sing me the Song	191
Try it again ...	178	A Wish	192
Contentment ...	180	Oh give me that Land ...	194
Auld Mrs. Beard ...	182	March of Improvement ...	195

HYMNS.

Confidence in God ...	201	Christ's Second Coming ...	210
Confirmation ...	202	Practical Religion ...	211
Anointing and Prayer for the Sick ...	203	Millennial Hymn ...	213
Marriage... ...	204	Anthem	215
Praise to God ...	206	The Poet's Farewell ...	217
Chant—True Religion ...	208		

NOTES,

Preface.

In ushering the following effusions into the world, and in bringing them before the Saints especially, the Author has no apology to make for so doing, more than to say that, as some of his productions have appeared in the *Millennial Star*, and other periodicals, and have been received with general approbation, he thought, if collected together, with others unpublished, they might form a little remembrancer of past events connected with the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints ; and of many of the brethren whose friendship and memory he would wish to perpetuate ; and at the same time preserve in a combined form a portion of his productions for the use of the Saints generally.

As to the merit or demerit of the work, he leaves that entirely to the sense and judgment of the reader ; if he has furnished anything for his pastime, profit, or pleasure, ' he has accomplished all he had in view ; and if a good thought is engendered, or a noble aspiration drawn forth by reading

its pages, it will more than repay all his trouble of composition.

As a token of an earnest desire for the Gathering of the Saints, he bequeathes the Copyright of the work to the Perpetual Emigrating Fund.

With these few observations, he submits his little work, with all its imperfections, to the Church throughout the universal world, anxiously desiring that they will patronize it for the fulfilment of the Lord's word, and their own emancipation, which is the sincere prayer of their friend and brother.

THE AUTHOR.

GLASGOW,

DECEMBER, 1852.

Dedication.

TO F. D. RICHARDS,

One of the Twelve Apostles.

Beloved, esteemed, and honoured brother, hear
The heartfelt breathings of a soul sincere,
Whilst I indite, without that fulsome praise
Vain pand'rers seek through mercenary lays
To gain a favour! Heaven forbid the claim,
If such be mine to use your honoured name!
No; rather let my works and fame expire,
Than live to breathe a sycophant's desire.
'Tis love alone—for by-past favours done
In Scotia's isle, where deeds of mercy won
The praise and love of all the good and true,
And gave to Richards what was virtue's due—
That now incites my muse-inspiring lay
Thus to inscribe what gratitude would pay.
Though poor the boon, with my poor muse to live!
'Tis all I ask, and all I have to give.
Not for the sake of filthy lucre's gain,
Nor love of place, nor honour to attain!
But for the Truth, and Zion's cause to spread,
Giving the fame to Christ, our living Head,
Are all the motives that induce my muse;
If gain'd this end, to write she wont refuse.

Dear brother lab'rer, though thou'rt young in years,
Thou'st travelled far, in low and higher spheres,
And for thy labours thou art highly prized,
To hold a place by Gods alone devised !
What fame so lasting, triumphs or reward
So great, so worthy of the Saints' regard,
As to be called and honoured of the Lord,
His work on earth, and blessings to record :
To rank among Apostles, and preside
O'er nations' destinies, and kingly pride !
And form a kingdom, based on mercy's plan,
And give the laws and light of Heaven to man :
By gathering all that is of gathering worth,
And giving slaves their freedom on the earth,
Till thrones and empires, continents, obey,
And yield obedience to Messiah's sway !

These, these, my brother, patron ever kind,
Invoke the muse thy name with mine to bind ;
Not that my feeble efforts to aspire,
Are more sublime, more touched with living fire
Than others, who have lit the torch divine—
They may with equal measured lustre shine—
But with the hope that poesy may be
The universal language of the free !
And ev'ry strain of inspiration sound
Replete with learning, and with Truth profound ;
Till 'rapt in thought, seraphic and sublime,
Each Saint inspired shall *speak in measured rhyme.*

Go then, my musings, with the author's prayer,
To charm the weary, and beguile their care.
The world may censure, scorn, and criticise ;
The Saints alone, their worth can justly prize.
And if one line promote one holy thought !
He's gained the fame his wayward fancy sought ;
And as a token of the truth he sings,
He freely gives it, and the price it brings,
To the Perpetual Emigrating Fund,
That promised blessings from the Lord, when turned,
May aid the meek and humble to depart
From lands of crime to where the pure in heart
May live in peace from ills in life, *secure*,—
Nor *feel* the curse impending on the poor.
Go then, and tell to all, the tidings true,
That Heaven on earth is now commenced anew !
That Brigham wears the crown of Utah's star !
That couns'llors rule, and people from afar
Gather in crowds to Ephraim's promised land,
Where God's own word shall all the world command.

Poems.

HARP OF ZION.

LINES INSCRIBED TO THE AUTHOR.

BY JOHN TAYLOR,

One of the Twelve Apostles.

Thou Lyon of the East ! I've heard thy roar ;
Thy voice hath sounded Britain's Isles all o'er ;
And in Columbia's land a Lyon's known,
Not by another's works, but by his own.
And wheresoe'er the British *Star* is found,
All know thee by thy voice, thy tone, thy sound.
Thy bearing, gait, and mien, bespeak thy birth,
And thy alliance prove with more than earth.

Let those less noble rack their creaking lyre,
And try in vain to light the Poet's fire ;
'Tis thine to take a more exalted stand,
And touch the living chords with master hand.

With Pope, or Milton, Shakespeare, Mills, or Snow,
The muse once roused, seraphic numbers flow ;
Then let the press but herald forth thy lays,
And thousand tongues shall reverb'rate thy praise.

But what is praise ? 'Tis but an empty toy,
That little men with smaller souls enjoy :
Be thine a purer, more exalted aim—
To light a fire with Truth's celestial flame,
Warming each honest heart with holy fire,
That God, and Truth, and Heav'n alone inspire,
That shall for ever burn while earth remain,
And in eternal worlds burst forth again.

INSPIRATION.

A Panegyric.

To thee, O spirit-stirring Truth of Heaven !
Whieh, in these latter days, to man is given,
Do I ascribe the power of Truth in verse,
By which the muse its beauties can rehearse,
And write on things which it doth now unfold
Of all that was by Prophets long foretold.

How brief, how strange, how seemingly untrue,
The Ancient Records to the carnal view ;
Yet, fraught with facts o'erflowing to convince
The sheerest sceptic of their truths, from thence
Compared with all that has transpired, or grown
Through time and change, by its brief hist'ry known.
But ah ! how sad the tale of by-past crime,
Men then, as now, lov'd not the Truth sublime,
Though some aspired, before the sweeping Flood,
To live, and prove the Priesthood's saving good,
And were translated to celestial bliss,
The sure reward of diligence in this :
While grave longevity, with sinewy strength,
Gave human life a sin-corrupted length ;

Till crime's foul cat'logue spread the Heav'n's with
gloom,
And brought the awful Deluge as its doom.
Let reason wonder, and the learn'd conceive
A thousand grave conjectures to believe
This sweeping scourge ! that nature's haggard face
In barren hills, and gloomy deserts' space,
And sterile rocks, and marshy, heathy land,
Speaks volumes of Jehovah's dread command.
Yet, blest be God, a seed His goodness shared !
While *Justice* punished, *Mercy* Noah spared,
And o'er the sea of shoreless waters bore
The fragile Ark, fraught with life's ample store
To multiply, and give the new made earth,
Through him inspired, a second righteous birth !
Transcendent blessing ! when the Earth was curst,
To float above the deep, where fountains burst
Their channels, and above where soaring clouds
Shower'd down their flood-spouts on the dying
crowds !

To live among the gather'd hordes of prey,
The tame and wild of nature's progeny ;
And yet to live secure from fear and wreck,
Inspired to trust in Him who can protect
When all seems lost. O, inspiration dear !
No joy like thine the weary soul can cheer :

When gathering clouds presage the coming storm,
Faith sees sweet Mercy in the rainbow's form.
Yet, these alas ! by wicked men unseen,
Pass unobserved ; they know not what they mean,—
And if they're seen, how soon by them forgot,
When saved through mercy, or by judgment smote.
Alas ! and will this proverb ever stand ?
Man's mem'ry, like his name's, *engraved on sand* !
Again, how soon through ignorance and fear
Do Babel's sons a tow'ring temple rear ;
Again they're scattered, and their language lost,
And spread afar o'er Egypt's fertile coast.
Still the pure stream descending in its way,
Though oft obstructed, wand'ring far astray
Through lineal line—like subterranean stream,
Which bursting forth a Lake in beauty's seem,
Unknown its source, yet pure its fountains flow,
'Mong arid wastes its blessings to bestow—
Thus lost at times, the seed of heavenly birth
Appear'd extinct, and perished from the earth.
Again it comes to brighten up this sphere,
To guide to virtue, and a God revere.
Far through the vista of four thousand years
What strange deception in the world appears,
From that bright Era when Messiah came !
Kings, Emp'rors, then as now, to power laid claim,

While bloodshed, bondage, tyranny, and wrong,
Subdued and awed the thoughtless, giddy throng ;
Except a few of Israel's fallen race
Scattered afar, or living in disgrace
'Neath Roman pow'r—a vassal tribute pay ;
Who once knew God, but lost his truthful way.
Again inspiring Truth illum'd the world
When Jesus came and Gospel truth unfurled.
Once more the Priests and Rabbins learn'd unite
T' oppose the Truth, and its promulgers smite,
Till persecution, in its vengeful ire,
Made martyrs by the gibbet, rack, and fire.
Yes, simple Truth, by Jesus then declared,
Seemed quite unworthy of a world's regard ;
And kings, and potentates, in dread array,
Sought to destroy, what they could not gainsay,
And nailed the purest virtue to the cross,
Because, forsooth ! they dream'd of worldly loss,
Of honour, fame, proud vassalage, and power,
Which, like a storm-cloud, o'er them seem'd to lower,
And scatter all their air-built towers of fame :
Afraid, they trembled at King Jesus' name.
Sedition, treason, arm'd with vet'rate hate,
Threw out their vengeance, and made death their fate :
And thus the Priesthood, whence the power was given,
Through flames and death ascended up to Heaven.

But ah ! what darkness o'er the world was cast,
More dreadful far than e'er o'erspread the past ;
For men, rejecting what the Gods designed—
Through purer laws to purify the mind,
Became one chaos of eternal strife,
Fraught with ambition and the pride of life.
Ah ! when God's spirit ceases to inspire
With pure emotions by its holy fire,
No sympathetic feelings cheer the soul,
No laws to curb, no wisdom to controul :
Self-willed and boist'rous, like the stormy sea,
Or helmless ship, vain man, more helpless he,
Is driven where'er his passions rudely tend,
Till lost ; a wreck we find him in the end.

Not so the man inspir'd to know God's laws ;
It speaks within, it prompts, or makes him pause ;
Excusing when he virtuously doth live,
Or else, accusing sternly, doth reprove.
Thus man but serves the spirit-stirring will,
For good, when they the good desires fulfil ;
While from their choice, the bad, opposing, rise
In face of all conviction, to be wise.

O Inspiration ! 'tis to thee alone
We owe whate'er is worthy to be known

Of God, or bliss, intelligence, or Heaven ;
For this thou wert, and now again art given.
But rest of thee, let by-past hist'ry tell
How much this earth in semblance is to hell ;
Where av'rice, crime, and poverty abound,
And wealth, unbridled, tramples all around.
Where pamper'd, sumptuous gluttons live secure
Above the fear of want, while th' lab'ring poor
Toil hard to live, to keep life's spark alive,
That full-fed idlers may luxuriant thrive.
Not so those evils, where inspired men
Gave verbal laws from God, or by the pen.
Prophets of old learn'd from the Fountain Head,
And lived examples of the truth they spread ;
They dared to teach those laws which God then gave
A dark, apostate, sinful world to save—
Not from a future fire-consuming lake,
But from the hell their present errors make—
That man ennobled, blest with light divine,
Might like the Gods, in truth and glory shine.

But how absurd, how chang'd, when falsehood wears
The garb of Truth ; how subtle are its snares ;
Ten thousand charms delude and lead astray
The less informed, to villany a prey ;
Gull'd by appearance and the show of things,

Plain Truth to them no lasting pleasure brings ;
But like the owl, unused to dwell in light,
They see the best when drown'd in mental night.
Thus man, through error, lost Truth's guiding ray,
And groped in darkness 'midst apostacy ;
Whilst passions, selfish, hateful, unrefined,
Reign'd universal o'er the human mind ;
Thus demon-led, Hell opened up her store,
And gave to man what God denied before—
Strange Astral art a seeming want supplied,
And gave by charms—what Heaven through Seers
denied—

To know their fate and fortune by the stars,
Domestic woes, a nation's broils and jars,
The secret crimes of murder, theft, or fraud,
From the high statesman to the lowest bawd ;
As if the Gods had doomed by fate's decree,
By innate things, man's future destiny !
Lo ! Mesmer found somnambulism true—
A wonderful discovery in lieu
Of Gospel blessings—and the secret art
Of knowing actions done, though far apart !
Beneath—above, no place but it reveals ;
The depths of Hell, the heights of Heaven it scales.
And phreno-mesmerism found, unsought,
The secret workings of all human thought ;

The springs and bias of man's inward will ;
The power of minerals to cure or kill
With rings of zinc, galvanic belts, and peas ;
To raise an issue to let out disease,
Pills, plasters, glisters, bleeding, and such stuff—
To gull the feeble, and the rich to puff.
O glorious blessings ! gifts of Satan's power ;
Who would not prize thee in this darkened hour ?
How kind the demons, when the Gods do frown,
To bless the world, and all their folly own !
Who would not gladly prize and bless the boon,
By which we learn the secrets of the moon
And stars ! and all those orbs that roll on high,
Unknown to man, till science brought them nigh ;
Through which we have the healing power displayed
Without the Gospel, or its priestly aid ;
By which discerning spirits can foretell
The baser passions that within us dwell :
To the discov'ry all the candid own
How much thou hast revealed, before unknown ;
While, these improv'd, still greater blessings claim,
And link discov'ry with a Seership's name.
O science ! science ! falsely named art thou,
Methinks I see the learn'd beneath thee bow ;
The pious priest in sacerdotal stole,
The patient student o'er the midnight oil,

The sage philosopher with rule and guage,
Eager to match thee with Truth's sacred page,
Which now, though lost, frail man would still retain,
And grasp the shadow for the form again.

Hail, glorious Truth ! revealed in latter days,
Dispelling darkness in thy noontide blaze ;
How far transcendent is thy priceless worth,
Compar'd with all the wisdom of this earth !
Ah ! how deceived besotted mortals be,
Striving to give conjecture void—a plea,
A name, and place, to things beyond their reach,
And aid deception by the things they preach ;
They knowing not, or knowing, strive to plead
Uncertainty for Truth's unerring creed !
While on God's mount, a standard is unfurled
To give His laws, and change this ruin'd world,
To her the Priesthood with its laws record
The Gospel precepts, blessings, all restored.
Apostles, Prophets, Teachers, sent from God,
Now wield the sceptre of His iron rod,
To seal, and bind the laws of Heaven on earth,
And bring again a pure, celestial birth ;
Far in the west this ensign now presage,
The stick of Ephraim's long predicted page,
Whose seed should push the scatter'd from all lands,

Restore their rights, and loose the tyrant's bands,
By his anointed Seer's inspiring word,
And bring on earth the Kingdom of our Lord.

O matchless wisdom ! intricate, sublime,
That fails not, though no likely place nor time
Could give on Palestina's Eastern strand
A place for Joseph in that promised land !
Should in Columbia's far-stretched continent
Restore the fulness of his covenant,
And raise from thence a shepherd of their own,
Of Jacob's loins, to make these secrets known :
And bring those blessings of the sun and moon,
And precious things beneath—the priceless boon
Of knowledge, truth and light, made o'er to thee—
As well the treasures of the boundless sea,
With fertile lands, and fruitful progeny,
That forth from thee, O Zion—*pure in heart*,
Should come the first dominion, to impart
The sacred power, authority, and laws,
And bring again God's kingdom, as it was
In olden times, when Judges held the sway,
And Patriarchs ruled, and children did obey
Their sires, with pure undeviating love,
And won their blessings when they did approve.
Thrice blest religion ! blent with blessings rife,

From whence spring sweetest joys of social life,
By mutual ties upborne, by virtue led
To look with reverence on a higher head.
Where children, taught submission day by day,
Will hear more promptly what their rulers say,
And thence become a pure and noble race
To hold a higher, more exalted place,—
Through Inspiration's gifted power, attain
To dwell with Gods ! when Christ on earth shall reign ;
And thus progress through grace and glory given,
To know the truth of God, and Christ, and heaven ;
And have the light within, to witness bear
Of all they know, and taste, and see, and hear,
Of God's great goodness to a fallen race,
Who've spurned before the offers of his grace.
But now the promise made on Ephraim's head,
Though distant far from all his brethren led,
As plants cut off, and scattered o'er the sea,
Where friends, nor foes, nor kindred flesh had he,
To live alone, till progeny gave birth,
And raised a multitude amidst the earth !
That in the Latter-day again should rise,
From Joseph's loins, a seed to bless the wise.

Lo ! on Cumorah's hill an angel stands,
And gives to Joseph records and commands !

The sacred records fraught with truth divine
To prove that land, (*Columbia,*) was thine,
To whom the birthright of the seed belonged,
Though red, and barb'rous, outcast, robbed, and
 wronged,
Yet rightful heirs, when God his word fulfills,
Should claim the bound'ries of the lasting hills ;
And through obedience, have the curse removed :
Whom He had for their fathers' sakes beloved.

O happy day ! how blest a fallen world,
To know the Gospel is again unfurled,
That men inspired, now hold its powerful sway,
And missioned far, reveal the heavenly ray !
Thrice happy day ! when Saints for trials past
Will find rewards eternally to last—
For pains, and penalties, a glorious crown ;
For shame and scorn, praise, honour, and renown.
Come then my soul, with all thy powers engage,
Be this thy aim, Christ's warfare still to wage.

A D D R E S S

TO ELDERS F. D. AND S. W. RICHARDS (BROTHERS,)

On their leaving Scotland for the CAMP OF ISRAEL. February 15, 1848.

Farewell ! beloved of the Lord, farewell—
In Scotland's name a Scot would dare to tell
How much we've prized your labours since you came,
Though now you leave for lands of brighter fame,
Where truth and love—eternal as the spheres—
Shall wield the sceptre through unnumbered years.
Farewell ! but oh ! one lasting boon I crave,
Remember Scotland, and her sons—so brave—
So poor—so hardy, and withal, so true !
That they could wish to live and die with you.

Pardon the feeling, if too fondly sung—
You gave the sentiments that move the tongue—
The Genii's breath ! the life pulse, and the flow
Of heaven-born truths, that freemen only know :
And you in Zion can that succour yield
To gath'ring clansmen when they take the field.
Yes, Brothers Richards, when you're far away,
We'll court your friendship, and a chieftain's stay.
Oh ! mark the motto of our nation's pride—

The full-blown thistle on your bonnet's side ;
Your tartan plaids, in Gaelic costume, tell
Of lands where Ossian sung—brave Wallace fell !
Where daring men for independence bled—
Nor Roman power—nor Saxon foemen sped.
Land of immortal bards ! and martyrs brave,
That tyrants awed, but never could enslave !
And where the watchword, Freedom ! still inspires
Her sons to imitate their noble sires.
Yet, milder words, dear Brothers, are your due,
We know you'll pardon what we can't subdue.
Still, Scotland ! like the Lion, from her mane
Would shake the dew ! her freedom to regain.
In parting thus from Scotland we'd implore
Your kindly int'rest on your native shore.

Accept in words a nation's *warmest love*—
While coupled actions ample witness prove
How much we've *loved you*, and *will love you still*,
Though wisdom whispers, “Do your Master's will.”
Ten thousand Saints their throbbing hearts will raise
To heaven's high King to bless your future days,
And safely guard you in that happy home
Where *gather'd millions* shout—The Kingdom's come !
And wives and sires recount your honours won !
And *bless* your *names*, as Husband, Father, Son !

Accept these presents, which our hearts record,
To Brother Brigham, *Lion of the Lord!*
The Twelve! and all good Saints who do us know,
And last, *not least*, for us, kiss Sister Snow!
Tell them, though darkness broods around,—the while
Star-light still sparkles in this sunset isle,
By which the Saints still Zionward are led,
And mourn no more a *living Spencer dead!*
Farewell! and while you rise in Godlike fame,
We'll ever pray for blessings on your name.

LINES TO ELDER FRANKLIN D. RICHARDS.

BY MISS ELIZA R. SNOW.

—

Thrice welcome, herald of eternal Truth !
Glad tidings of salvation you in youth
Have borne to thousands o'er the watery main ;
And now we hail you in our midst again—
With int'rest hear you of the welfare tell
Of our dear brethren who in Britain dwell.

What keen sensations must have filled your heart
When duty's unction prompted you to part
With those—whose welfare with your pulses joined,
And whose existence with your own entwined—
Exposed to cruel suffering in a land
Where persecution held a reeking hand!

Forsaking all, with Godlike, fix'd intent,
To Europe's shore, for Zion's sake you went.
The heavens, with approbative whispers, bless
With constant favour, constant faithfulness :
And you were crown'd with blessings not a few ;
The saints in Europe love and bless you too ;

But Scotland seem'd your labours most to share,
And friendship wove for you bright garlands there.
And now your heart's warm pulses fondly twine
Around the motto of their royal line—
Th' insignia which their own brave fathers had—
The thistled bonnet, and the tartan plaid.

Back to their banks, and braes, and highland
dells,
Their spiral cities, and their moss-grown cells—
The land o'er which bold Genius' goddess yearns,—
Sir Walter's birth-place, and the home of Burns ;
Your spirit now, on thought's swift pinions borne,
To mingle with the Saints will oft return.
But brother Richards, welcome ! here remain
Till God appoints to other climes again ;
And may the pow'r of lives eternal shed
Unnumbered blessings on the path you tread.

Whene'er you write him, will you please to send
My cordial salutations to your friend,
The gifted "Lyon;" whose sweet sounding lyre
Breathes more than Ida's—breathes celestial fire ;
To whom the high prerogative is given,
To circulate the glorious truths of Heaven,
And through the medium of the "STAR," diffuse

The emanations of his heavenly muse.
And Brigham Young, the “Lion of the Lord,”
Sends love and blessing to the Scottish bard,
And all the faithful Saints of God who dwell
Where Ossian sung—where Bruce and Wallace fell.
Tell them to wait in hope for “Liberty,”
Till Jesus Christ shall make his people free—
Till Zion’s glorious banner is unfurled,
And her high standard overlooks the world.

In holy aspirations to His throne—
To whom the secrets of all hearts are known ;
Whose are the issuing springs of life and death—
The deep-ton’d promptings of our spirit’s breath
With fervour are ascending night and day,
That for the Saints He soon will clear the way,
That scatter’d Israel may be gather’d home
To Zion, where the “best from worlds” will come.

GOSPEL HUE

A MARVELLOUS WORK AND WONDER.

INSCRIBED TO HIS EXCELLENCY BRIGHAM YOUNG,

Governor of Utah Territory.

—

A change of dread reform
Comes looming o'er the earth !
'Tis like a Deluge storm,
Convulsed to have its birth.
From pole to pole it moans,
From zone to zone 'tis heard,
In ceasless warning tones,
As if the heavens were stirred !
The desert waste, and isles,
And continents afar,
Seem wrapt within its coils—
A sound of peace and war !
It comes ! with eagle's flight,
It booms o'er land and sea,
A strange foreboding light
Of future destiny.

"Tis not the sun and moon
In blood and darkness hid !

Nor yet the dark Simoon,
That comes with terror dread ;
Nor plague's foul venom'd breath,
That makes the churchyard yawn ;
Nor fire, nor stake, nor death,
By war's red falchion drawn ;
Nor earthquake's stag'ring reel
O'er mountains fallen—hurled ;
Nor yet, the ocean's seal
Unloos'd to drown the world :
These, these in part may sum
Its consummating power,
But other things will come
In God's tremendous hour !

'Tis not the patriots brave
Who've toiled for ages past,
And spent their all to save
A world with crime o'ercast ;
Nor commerce and its toil,
Its mis'ry and its wealth ;
Nor gifts that donors pile
To stay the foe of health ;
Nor miser-hoarded gain !
Nor charity bestowed,
Can turn the people sane—

For which their alms were sowed :
These all have fail'd to bring
A lasting source of bliss ;
They've only left a sting—
To damn a world like this.

'Tis not the holy fraud
Of friars, and cloistered nuns ;
Nor vot'ries of the bawd,
With all her ghostly sons ;
Nor Socialism's plan,
Nor Chartist's flaming might,
To proffer *sinful man*
What folly *says* is right !
'Tis not the Atheist's creed
Of Rousseau, or Voltaire ;
Nor bigots' spawny breed
That sects increasing bear :
These, these are cold and dead ;
'Tis something more sublime,
'Tis Truth's gigantic tread
Upon the Verge of Time.

Here comes this unknown theme,
A marv'lous work and wonder !
Though laugh'd at as a dream,

'Twill shake the world asunder.
A "*Clown!*" in distant lands,
Lays claim to Revelation;
With power, his word commands
The fate of ev'ry nation.
Yes, yes, he's left the wild
Where persecutors bore him;
Delusion's dreadful Child!
Now drives the world before him.
The pious of all lands
Have stamp'd his name infernal—
This "*Clown!*" will break their bands,
And reign when earth's eternal.

The Heathen despot's power
Shall crumble 'neath his sway;
No kingly honoured *dower*,
Nor *threats*, shall him dismay.
No lands nor thrones he'll barter
For slaves, or paltry gold;
He'll free them by God's Charter,
Whom robbers bought and sold!
He'll ask no odds of tyrants,
Nor sceptred silly kings!
Nor blood-stained proud aspirants,
Who've done such cruel things.

He'll crown the pure with might
When error's downward hurled.
His war's for God and Right—
His conquest is the world.

EXODUS.

Ye sons of Israel arise,
Nor round your city dally,
An echoing voice prophetic cries,
“Go seek some lonely valley.”
In ambuscade the foemen lie,
Watching you with a tiger’s eye :
Up, and away to your mountain home,
Where wild beasts prowl, and red men roam :
There round your standard rally.

Oh ! linger not, though lov’d ones plead,
And fondly wish you’d tarry.
Proscrib’d, yet bless’d, why should you dread

The blood-stain'd emissary.
Your Temple's spire still points to Heaven,
Whence God reviews the outcast's driven,
And angels guard the hallow'd ground—
Till, once with glorious triumph crowned,
 You Zion back shall carry.

Shall scornful Gentiles' ruthless ire
 The work of God fulfilling,
E'er quench the rapturous desire,
 That's in your bosom thrilling !
Be still, and know the voice of God,
The coming bliss, the fearful rod :
There hide ye till the scourging blast
“ Of judgment set, and thrones o'ercast ; ”
 There wait for God's revealing.

Go where ne'er a white man trod ;
 Unveil each Indian nation ;
Unfold the *stick of Ephraim's God*,
 The cov'nant of Salvation !
Then, the *despised* and *trodden down*
Shall rise to glory and renown ;
And nations in earth's midst shall flow
To Zion, and a kingdom grow,
 To swell the restoration.

IMPROPTU.

*Written in commemoration of PRESIDENT ORSON HYDE's Departure
from England for the CAMP OF ISRAEL, 1847.*

Farewell, blest messenger of peace ;
God's blessing go with thee ;
Calm be the winds to waft thee o'er
The boist'rous rolling sea.
Like Noah's dove, far thou hast soared,
A resting place to find,
Where sin's devouring deluge swept
The peace of human kind.

Back to the ARK, again thou'l bear
On wing the glad'ning news,
That sin's dark flood has left the land,
Though leaves lie strewed profuse ;
And oh ! how happy will they be
To greet the "Branch of Peace,"
And eager list the dove-like tale,
"The troubled waters cease."

May still increasing joys abound,
Best tidings of thy toil !

When thou shalt tell how *waning oaks*
Unearth'd, now root the soil ;
And seeds upon the surge far cast,
In fruitful forests grow ;
Whilom, where barrenness had reigned,
Now springs refreshing flow.

Fly, brother, to the *Camp afar*,
Where fond hearts throb with grief,
And let the persecuted know
Thy message brought relief.
Tell every soul we *live and love*,
And *long with them to be*,
That we united may rejoice.
Heaven's blessings go with thee !

THE PRESS.

INSCRIBED TO ELDER ORSON SPENCER, A.B.,

While Editor of the "Millennial Star."

How vast thy treasures, soul-inspiring Star !

What power like thine so truthful to control ?

While all the world's at enmity—ajar,

Thou bringest light and peace to every soul.

Tongue-speaking spirit of a heavenly home !

The Saints shall laud thee in all time to come.

Star-light of Zion ! 'twas thy loud acclaim

By which our Prophet was immortal made ;

When persecution dragg'd him into fame,

Thou laidst his body in the martyr's shade,

And with a cherub's trump flew far and near,

Sounding the tale of bloodshed's dark career.

All but omniscient—thine Argus eyes

From pen and press look out an hundred ways,
Unmasking malice, and refuting lies

In all their vileness, by thy Venus blaze !

Lawyer and statesman, priest and peasant, feel
The praise or censure which thou dost reveal.

When parted friends, by fortune's gath'ring fate,
Can't meet the while to form a social tie,
Thy deep drawn lines, in burning words relate
Old love and friendship, when no soul is nigh ;
Till fond remembrance, poring o'er thy strain,
Forgets, and dreams "*we all shall meet again.*"

Read we of lands remote, in barb'rous climes,
Which Young, and Pratt, and Brannan travel'd
o'er;
Where savage hordes, unknown to Christian crimes,
Invite the wand'ring outcast to explore.
The hopeful Saint surveys their loan abode,
And lifts his mind in gratitude to God.

There's not a valley, mountain, strath, nor stream,
Nor note, nor song, nor wild flower's gaudy hue ;
Nor light, nor shade, nor bright poetic dream,
That ever Genius in her fancy drew—
But what thy wizard magic charm hath wrought,
To conjure up the image of a *thought!*

Soul-quick'ning Star ! thy light-diffusing rays
Shall yet dispel the gloom of mental night,
And haste the glory of Millennial days,
With bright effulgence on the Heathen's sight :

When all shall know, throughout this world's vast bound,

Through Truth's inspiring type, "the joyful sound."

And what but thee, thou alchymist of mind !

Could *mould* a *thought* to glad the wond'ring eye,
And give to sentiment, so well defined,

The silent breathings of a virtuous sigh ;
Or paint the feelings love-sick eyes impart ;
Or speak the language of a broken heart.

Thanks to the printing press for wisdom sound !

When tongues are mute and mould'ring in the dust,
It gives the echo of their thoughts profound,

And keeps the treasure with a miser's trust :
It tells their feelings, sorrows, joys, and fears,
And points the anguish of their brimful tears.

'Ten thousand blessings, and an angel's arm,

Defend thy virtue, and thy toils reward ;
Till vice falls prostrate by thy dread alarm,

And all the world thy matchless worth regard.
Blest herald ! go—march with the rising sun,
Nor stop till thou his ample course hast run.

THE PROPHET.

On a mound where the dark Mississippi rolled past
The Prophet gazed sadly o'er Time's ruthless blast,
In a vision of thought, to that eastern shore
Where Joshua dwelt in his glory of yore.
He thought of the Mussulman's tyranny there ;
Of the scattered condition, the shame, and despair,
Of Abraham's seed,—when a voice from on high
Said,—“ Joseph ; give heed, for their freedom is nigh :
“ Prepare, for the brand of their infamy's gone,
“ And the hour of redemption for them rolleth on.
“ My name is Jehovah, and who shall withstand,
“ The sceptre I sway for my seed in that land.
“ Go call forth my servant, e'en Orson my son,
“ Anoint him, and send him—my work is begun ;
“ For the hearts of my people are lifted in prayer,
“ And my promise of old is awaiting them there.
“ Yes, bless him with power, that the land may partake
“ By his word all the blessings I have for their sake ;
“ That his name, as a branch of the old Olive vine,
“ May ingraft them in peace, as dear children of mine ;
“ That the curse of my vengeance may rest upon those
“ Who have laughed at their misery, and scorned all their
woes.

“ Come Joseph, my son, I will give thee the line
“ To measure that land for my blessings divine.
“ Through thy voice, by my servant, all hearts I'll control ;
“ Though the wicked may rage, and the savage may howl,
“ Yet, their curse and their rage will but hasten it on,
“ And nations will raise up my people, when known,
“ To sit in the courts, where their chiefs legislate ;
“ That their name may be feared, and their power may be
great.
“ And the riches of nations will flow unto thee,
“ That the land may be bought, and my people made free.
“ Let Olivet's mount be the seat of his blessing,
“ For his word shall be law to the ruthless oppressing,
“ And the hills shall rejoice, and the valleys be glad,
“ And thousands shall sing who in anguish were sad,
“ And the streets of Jerus'lem, yet, all thronged shall be ;
“ With the sound of their young men, and maidens with
glee ;
“ And their old men shall live to the age a tree.
“ Shout, Jerusalem, shout, for thy warfare is o'er,
“ And the Pagans who've spoiled thee, shall spoil thee no
more.”

The voice ceased to speak, while the Prophet amazed,
Saw the clouds gather round where in vision he gazed ;
And his eye turn'd again where the deep waters rolled,
While he mused on the message which God did unfold.

Sure it was not the torrent that roared as it passed,
Nor the earthquake, nor scream of the hurricane blast,
Nor the fire, nor the thunder's loud—rumbling roar,
That he heard, when the Angel intelligence bore.

'Twas as still as the sound of the Zephyr's mild breeze,
When the soft breath of morn stirs the leaves on the trees.
" Yes, yes," he exclaimed, " 'twas the voice of the Lord,
" And I go, gladly go, to fulfil ev'ry word."
That mandate's fulfilled, and long years past and gone
Since that land was restored to old Jacob anon ;
And the spirit now burns in the breast of each Jew
To gather, and purchase, and build it anew ;
Till Messiah shall come in the brightness of Heaven,
To clothe them with power, and their sins be forgiven.

P R E S I D E N C Y.
—

To *rule* with power, requires no foreign aid
Of weapons, steel, or ball ; pure moral force
Is Heaven's directory to fallen man ;
And he who yields obedience to its law,
Will learn by social virtue to restrain,
Inspire, persuade, and win the froward mind.
Yet bold, when daring spirits would aspire
To trample underfoot the dignity
Of Heaven. Gentle, in child-like phrase, so plain,
And yet withal so powerful to convince,
That to resist command, would be a sin
More heinous than the crime of fratricide !

To *rule*, requires philosophy profound !
And purity of action to enforce ;
As well the voice to reach the *deaf, dull* ear.
Novicial knowledge doth but ill comport
Where mental power and aptitude to teach
Are all pre-requisites to ruling power.
As oft, perchance, a chord of finer tone
Might ill accord with uncouth, vulgar sounds.
Choice words for chaster ears, well sorted, stir
To extacy th' enlightened soul, and waft

The ideality of man to heaven.
Thus Wisdom, mistress of the *ruling art*,
Steals o'er the passions with a magic charm,
And prostrates all resistance to the truth.
Compassion points the sceptre's God-like sway,
And, as a finis to her heavenly scheme
Of saintly prowess, *loves*, and thus *subdues* !
The less illuminated feel the charm ;—
No more illusion rears her doubtful crest,
Nor mole-hills mountains in perspective seem.
And ignorance, who once rebelled, obeys !
And wonders how he erred !

A President

Is one inspired by an all-quick'ning power
To know the working of the human heart :
To draw from out the well of living thought
The philosophic worth of man, and point
The way of life to bliss ineffable !

EULOGY,

TO ORSON PRATT,

One of the Twelve Apostles.

If truth in man be virtue's highest aim,
And gifted wisdom all that's worth a name ;
If reasoning power, with intellect refined,
Be Heav'n's best boon to aid the human mind !
Say, who so highly honoured by our God,
To point the way to bliss, and lead the road,
By preaching, precept, practice, and the pen,
As Elder Pratt, among apostate men ?
Where in the lab'rinth of scholastic lore,
Could one be found so powerful to restore
Plain simple Truth from dreamy aërial things
More flighty than the Heavenly host with wings,
And endless jangle 'bout unseen causality,
Than Pratt's expose of Immateriality ?
And who of all the Theologic school,
Could write of Zion with prophetic rule,
Or pen God's Kingdom with precision clear,
Except the man who'd seen our martyred Seer ?
Whose claims, and titles, with superiority,
He's well maintained in his " Divine Authority ; "

And given an outline of his heavenly “Visions,”
Opposed to Satan and the world’s derisions ;
Or yet defend, like an inspired sage,
The Book of Mormon from the sacred page.
Such works demand our lasting gratitude,
And will be read by all the great and good,
Who long to see a kingdom raised on earth,
Where *Truth* and *Virtue* only will be *worth*.
Where man will learn to bless his fellow-man,
And do each other all the good they can.
Where mere nonentity and senseless clatter,
On dreamy themes and non-existent matter,
Will have no place ; nor fictitious story-telling,
In all the colleges of Zion’s dwelling !

THE PERPETUAL EMIGRATING FUND.
—

Come on, ye rich, with all your gifted store ;
Give to the poor, and God will give you more !
Your feeling hearts, responsive to His call,
Will find His love and blessing best of all :
Yea, tenfold int'rest on the things you have,
And more than all your charities e'er gave !
Why should the rich not help the lab'ring poor ?
Both are compell'd to knock at mercy's door !
As well the river scorn the stream and brook
From which it all its swelling greatness took ;
Or the great sea retain her liquid store,
Nor give one drop to quench the parched shore ;
As wealth *withhold* accumulated toil,
And say to Poverty,—*Starve on the while !*
Let richer Saints pour in their glitt'ring gold,
'Twill pave your way to Zion's mountain fold !
Ten thousand hearts, with prayerful ardour, seek
The means to live, yet mourn from week to week,
Who could be blest through your beneficence,
To go where labour gains a recompense !
Oh, then ! let love your names in sums record
What you will do for Zion, and the Lord !
Ye poor who labour, learn with pure delight,

How much in *value* was the *widow's mite* !
How farthings multiplied to pence make pounds,
And pounds, to hundreds, thousands—have no bounds!
Till every Saint *reliev'd*, and sinner *stunned*,
Will shout,—LOOK HERE ! at this Perpetual Fund !

M A N.

W A H

Man, when his constitution is unfurled,
Resembles much this great material world !
Of *dust* and *earth* his sluggish *flesh* is made ;
Like *rocks* his *bones* in strength and firmness laid ;
How like the *ebb* and *flow* of ocean's waves,
Unto the tide of *life* that in him *laves* ;
As brooks and rivers moisten where they flow,
And trees and herbs to this their being owe ;
So *blood*, like *water*, runneth every where,
To give the *springs* of life an equal share.
How, like electric *fire*, his *nerves* convey
The feeling of life's power or energy ;

How like the *airy breeze*, his *respiration* ;
His *tears*, to *rain* ; *sweat*, to *evaporation* ;
His *fat* like *manure* ; and his *hair* like *grass*,
Sheds modest beauty o'er the human mass ;
How like the beaming *sun*, his *eyes* to light ;
His *sleep*, how like the dark and *silent night* ;
The *wandering clouds*, how like his *restless mind*,
Still roving on, and changing as the *wind* ;
How like the *storm*, to human blust'ring *strife*,
That bursts with vengeance on the calm of life ;
How like *drought's* searing influence, to *sin*,
That blights his hopes and happiness within ;
How like the *fogs* and *damps* of putrid air,
To *melancholy*, and the *mind's* *despair* ;
How like the *soured earth* on plants and trees,
To that dread agent of the curse, *disease* ;
How like the *seasons* to his growth and *fall* ;
How like the *frost* and *snow* to death's *white pall*.

POETRY,
EULOGY,
TO MISS ELIZA R. SNOW.

Eliza Snow is the queen of the muse ;
For the tones of her mystic Lyre
Would soothe the rage of the savage breast,
And the fainting heart inspire !
Well may the Saints rejoice, and sing
Her sweet numbers as they flow ;
From east to west search this world around,
Who sings like our sister Snow ?

Her strains of heavenly rapture sweet,
With valourous deeds engage ;
When fired by wrongs and oppressive might,
She sings like a Grecian sage !
In Herculean strength, her verse is strung ;
Her words, like a giant's blow,
Would kill the blackest venom'd heart :—
None sing like our sister Snow !

A friend of man, and right is she,
And a foe to priestcraft's hire.
Her satire keen would pierce the heart ;
Her pathos melts like fire.

Alike o'er desert, hill, and glen,
She makes all nature glow ;
So varied are the thrilling tones
Of inspired sister Snow.

Long, long, may her harp in tune remain,
Touch'd by her goddess hand,
Till fame's loud trump proclaims—enough,
In Zion's favoured land.
When gems in her exalted crown,
Like stars shall spark'ling glow ;
Where every tongue shall lisp the name
Of our dear sister Snow !

THE RUINED CITY.

Alas ! and is this far-famed city doomed
To be the residence of ruffian men ;
The monument of mad sectarian ire,
Where dwelt, or sought to dwell, in peace secure,
The gathered thousands of the latter-day—
The Saints !

But why deserted thus ? 'tis strange
That chosen men should perish by the sword,
And vanquish'd, leave their dear-bought homes,
And cultured fields, to blood-stained, murd'rous men.
Alas, Nauvoo ! fair city of the Seer !
Thy streets, where once the busy throng were wont
To glide, are now o'er-grown with grass and weeds ;
Thy doorless, paneless houses, mournful wail,
Deep sighs, now gossiped by the gusty wind ;
The wood-huts torn away, now leave no mark
Where once their frame-work stood, save chimney stalk
Peering alone, like gravestones o'er the dead.
Alas ! had God forgotten to be kind ?
Was not this city built His purpose to
Fulfil, and found his Kingdom last of all
Upon this earth ? Was not this Temple reared,

Wherein the secrets of eternity
Might be made known, though now a ruined mass !

Here riot revels undisturbed, and here
Debauch'ry's florid, sin-provoking face
Reveals the recklessness of lawless life
Alike regardless of all law, they brave
Stern justice, decency, and natural right.
Heavens ! and this that Zion once was called,
Has now become a hell of lawless fiends.

The grove ! where erst the hymn of praise was sung,
Is now the haunt of ribaldry and jest ;
And where the words of Inspiration flowed
From holy men, is now the fane of lust,
And frothy, sacrilegious mirth.

And has this place, where honest men once lived,
Become a den of uncaged, unclean birds ?
Whose frontal visage wears the cursed mark
Of Cain ! No business tells their love of frugal life,
Their fields, unploughed, the sluggard's harvest bear,
And squalid wretches their ill-earn'd pay,
Proclaim their envy, idleness, and want ;
But deadlier than the crime of Cain, they've shed
The purest blood e'er flow'd in human vein,

Save the immaculate Son of God ! yes,
Joseph, thou wert slain, and Hyrum with thee
Fell, by the assassins' deadly rifle ball !
While others with thee shared a lesser doom,
Though marr'd, were sav'd by time's preventing hand
To give their evidence, in time to come,
Of martyred men who fell for heaven-born Truth.
And thus, thy curse, thy blasting withering curse,
Shall cease not, till thy ruin woeful tells
A living, lingering death, more frightful far
Than Carthage, or old Sodom's awful doom ;
Yes, strange to tell, thou'l be the first to rise
When dire destruction, and the scourging rod
Have swept, and cleans'd pollution from the earth.

Here rest the ashes of the martyred dead,
Whose lives were spent in Truth's eternal cause ;
In perils oft 'mong would-be friends and foes,
Scorned by the world, and like the hunted roe,
Panted in seclusion from the chase of
Bloodhounds bearing human form, to breathe and
Run again, 'till the envenomed world
Shed their pure blood, and "chased them up to Heaven."
Alas ! but why should error triumph ? why
Should they whom God had sent to save, be left
To fall ? Hush, reason reft of Revelation, hear !

"Twas all foreknown that they to whom this tale
Should come, would treat their message with contempt ;
And by their death and testimony seal
The Priesthood, and its power, and farther spread
The heaven-born Truth. E'en this bleak ruin gave
The tell-tale echo to a slumbering world,
That fame's loud trump nor thousand tongues could reach.
And thou Nauvoo, the first of stakes, though spoiled,
Art writ, and sealed in the archives of Heaven,
And shall come forth, in primal glory crowned,
And flourish in celestial bloom, when Saints
Shall reign, and Christ and God be all in all.

THE POET'S DREAM.
—

High on a rock methought he sat. 'Twas night.
And silent nature spread her beauties far—
Above, below, through chequered clouds, where bright
The moon shone o'er each broken, fleecy spar,
That seemed a world of cities to unfold,
Where hills, and dales in distance, viewless lay,
And towers, and spires, surpassing burnished gold,
All peopled, mute before him passed away.
And as the slow winds moved, dissolving views
Portrayed the inmates full of life and glee,
Tripping the merry dance in varied hues
Of youth and beauty, sex and gallantry.
Around their festive boards, fair troubadours
Sang of past times, of valour, vict'ry, might,
Where men had fought and won, what bliss secures—
A place among the valiant sons of light !
Methought the genii caught him,—and away
They soon were placed beyond this joyous mirth ;
His soul uplifted, felt as if new day
Had dawned upon the miseries of earth.

Anon, the vision changed, and full before
Him rose a temple, beautifully grand ;

E'en Solomon's, of which he'd read of yore,
Seemed nothing to this fairy palaced land.
Within, without, his eye could clear discern
Its castellated halls, and lofty domes—
Those sacred places where the virtuous learn
The mystic lore, its museums and its tombs.
But one blest spot, more sacred than the rest,
Near to this palace, struck his wand'ring gaze—
It was the Temple, where the dead are blest
To hold the memory of a people's praise ;
Where lay interr'd, and o'er their tombs engraved
Their names, their virtues, and their worth enrold ;
How much they suffer'd ere to glory raised.
Within this fane, pale marble did unfold
Two figures, great in magnitude,
Noble in stature, graced with Godlike mien ;
The first of heroes who had shed their blood,
To whom the Lord gave power on earth to reign !
Around its walls, all sculptur'd he beheld
The names of hundreds whom he thought he knew,
Honour'd for science, art, to them revealed,
And genius poesy but gave a few.

Above the columns of this sacred hall,
A female figure dressed in robes of white,
With comely features, beautiful, and tall,

Held in her hand, fair UTAH'S SCROLL OF RIGHT ;
And on its fold twelve names wav'd on record,
And others lost were twisted in its flow,
Where he deciphered, spelling each faint word,
The honoured name of " Miss Eliza Snow " !
Struck with the vision of her earthly fame
The poet gazed on all he saw around,
When on a stone, half letter'd, without name,
A thistle emblem'd, and these words he found —
" *Sacred to Scotia, and to Scotia's Bard.*"
He conn'd it o'er, its meaning to explain,
And whisp'ring said, " to whom this great award ? "
While burning thoughts, came o'er his fever'd brain.
The genii touched him, and before he knew,
The passing clouds were lost in ether light.
The rising sun in glory rose in view,
Chasing the visions of this phantom night,
And as he rose o'er Scotia's mountain isle,
He waked from all that poesy holds dear,
To gaze on Bab'lom's tumult, pain, and toil,
And all life's stern realities severe.

THE APOSTATE.

A Fragment.

I knew him, ere the roots of bitterness
Had grown to putrid cancer in his soul.
Then Revelation's light gleamed o'er his mind
In strange fantastic dreams of future bliss ;
He saw the dawn, and this was quite enough
For speculation's visionary claim.
Precocious, in a day from childhood to
A man, he grew a giant of his kind ;
Until his head was in the clouds, and there
He saw the myst'ries of the aërial world !
All knowledge, ere it was revealed, he knew.
The knotty points in Scripture he could solve,
By presto touch of talismanic wand,
And, Patriarch like, had the discerning gift
To know the ancient seeds of Israel's race.
The spirits of all men he could discern,
And oft, through speculation's vain conceit,
He did interpret, to indignation,
And raised the fouler passions of a few ;
While some admired, in sycophantic phrase,
That made the humbler of the Saints to blush.

The Gathering was his constant theme ; for he
Had dreamed of golden gates, and pearly walls,
And palaces, and ghostly saints at ease
Reclining 'neath the palm-tree's shade at noon.
And so he left, to seek this fairy land
Uncounseled, in his *own* imaginings.
But ah ! he thought not of the fiery path
Where persecution, poverty, and death,
Await the just, ere they can sing the song
Of ransom'd ones, by suffering perfect made.

Thus, full of novelty's romance, he found
The city of the Saints, and with it all
The stern realities of life. His hope,
Like morning mist, evaporated quite,
And with it, all his dreams of phantom bliss
Which nightly pictur'd out Elysian fields,
Woods, lawns, and bowers, and wizard, winding streams,
By crystal founts, and cool refreshing groves !
Amazed beyond description to rehearse,
He tried to reconcile his blasted hopes,
Where he beheld the toil-worn sons of God
Rolling the stone of Joseph, pond'rous grown :
Still disaffection's deadly 'venomed sting
Withered his schemes, till every sense became
Corrupt, and dead. He neither saw, nor felt,

Nor heard, nor savour'd of the things of God.
Then falsehood came, and with it came distrust ;
Truth error seemed, and lies appeared as truth !
And holy men mere swindling vagabonds !
The Temple, once revered, stood folly's shrine !
His jaundiced eye suspiciously reversed
The objects he perceived, or thought he saw.
The name, that erst gave pleasure's pure delight,
Rang in his ears a strange delusive sound.
Like smould'ring embers still the hatred burned
In his foul mind, till every passion burst
Their prison'd fire, and blazed one sulph'rous flame
Of malice, hotter than the Stygian lake !
And so he fell from his gigantic height,
As we have seen a falling meteor fall
From out the starry vault, which never had,
'Mong constellations, a fixed residence,
Save the combustive fluid of scattered gas,
That, kindled by the windy current, flashed,
And falling, seemed a blazing orb of heaven !

* * * * *

Forgotten, nearly twenty moons he'd left
Nauvoo ! when lo ! in Scotland I beheld
This strange, outlandish looking man at church
Among the Saints. I wondered much, I watched
Him when the congregation sang in praise

The songs of Zion ! but his lips moved not,
And when they knelt, he stood a statue mute
Amidst the prostrate throng of worshippers.
His bas'lishk eye in rolling anguish told
The gnawings of the bitter worm within.
I met him after service, and he strove
To imitate the Saints' fond welcome greet,
But when his hand touched mine,—Lord save me, how
I shook ! Touched with his influence of despair ;
It ran like lightning o'er my mortal frame,
Benumbing all the energies of life.
The Prophet, Saints, and all their labours, were
His theme of execration and contempt.
Anon he railed of horrid, murd'rous deeds,
Of av'rice, cruelty, and heartless fraud,
Pollution, and a thousand evil ways
Unheard of, save in his degen'rate heart.
Apostles ! fiends in human shape, he viewed ;
The Priesthood ! dupes, or duped. In madness thus
He raved, and counted o'er his money lost ;—
The turning period of his selfish soul—
And like old Shylock, grinned in bitter spite
To have his “ pound of flesh.” We parted thus.
’Twas past all patience, longer to endure.

THE ORPHAN.

'Twas Whitsuntide ! a sad, distressing term
For many houseless souls, who having left
Their homes, where they for years had lived, and with
Misfortune battled. One instance I'll give
Of this momentous time :—A widow and
Her son ; they, unlike many, had enjoyed
In former years, the sunshine of esteem
And fortune. Her husband, a merchant, lived
For years on the resources of his trade
In affluence, and much respected worth ;
But long protracted illness, debt, and death,
Left his lone widow and her son a prey
To mercenary men. His corse was not
A day interred, till all they had was seized
And sold by auction in the market place.
The landlord shar'd with those who roughly threw
Her out of doors, and there she was, poor soul !
An outcast on the streets to starve, or die !
Thoughtless, the giddy throng did pass her, but,
To soothe her wounded heart, or pour in oil
And wine, no good Samaritan came nigh.
Unknown, and being lady-like, she seemed
No object to attract the generous soul,

And, high in spirit, could not brook to let
Her circumstance be known, 'till far too late.
She wandered in the byeways to be hid,
And hide her grief. Her little son was all
Her earthly treasure, and she loved him much,
And all his soul was wrapt in her, none else
He loved, and while she sorely grieved, he tried
To solace her disconsolate sad soul ;
And thus they pass'd some days, and nights, among
The fields, till hunger forced them to return
Again to that sequestered home they'd left.
Their neighbours, who had oft been helped by them,
In heartless apathy, and scorn, now turned
Away ; as if in triumph they rejoiced
At their sad overthrow. She sought his friends,
But they alas, proved cold, and heartless too !
Forsooth because she'd been the daughter of
A working man, and married 'gainst their wills.
Thus spurn'd, by friends, and neighbours, and by all
She claimed in life, and with a heart surcharged
With grief, the cistern burst its golden bowl,
And a pale corse she fell at her own door !
With none to pity, but her helpless boy !
And there she lay, exposed to public gaze,
Till common charity gave aid, to lay
Her side by side with him who but a month

Before, had left this stricken heart to die.
Her son was taken to the workhouse, and
A pauper kept, till age and chance would give
A place of fortune for this orphan child,
Who, born with golden prospects, now alas !
Must battle with fate's sad, reverse decree,
Unknown, uncar'd for, in a heartless world.

Time moved along, and like the sun obscured
In clouds, this scion of a nobler race
Began his boyish years—subordinate
To drudge out life,—apprenticed to a trade.
Industry mark'd his path, and genius gave
A happy turn to all he strove to do !
Honest and faithful to his trust, he gained
His master's praise, and when he entered on
His own account, to be a master man,
Upon his track burst fortune, and all things
Flourish'd beneath his wonder-working power.
Love touched his heart, and anxious to complete
His bliss, he found a partner soft, and young,
With whom he joined in wedlock's holy band.
She was his mother's image, and his soul
Was wrapt in her. One after one the sprouts
Of their affection crowned their happy board,
And with his fam'ly, grew the requisites

Of social comforts,—sweet competency !
Endowed by heaven with intellectual power
He grew a fav'rite 'mong the sons of toil,
And in that city where he once was left,
An helpless orphan child ! he held a place
Of honour, rife with blessings for the poor ;
And with it more, a heart to feel and act
In unison with all his former sense
Of poverty and degradation blent.

BLIND JUSTICE,

A tale of the Pantheon,

INSCRIBED TO MRS. ORSON PRATT.

Blind Justice, once a heathen goddess fair,
Bore two fine daughters ; but the heavenly pair
Were quite the opposite in disposition,
So runs old mythological tradition.

The elder daughter was a dark, proud girl,
With passions, like the winds inconstant whirl,

Sudden, boist'rous, and a voice like thunder !
Rent the soft sympathies of soul asunder !
Haughty, heartless, cruel, distant, and strange,
She gained in heav'n, the name of Sylph *Revenge*.

The younger was a lovely, pliant child,
Sweet, innocently affable, and mild ;
Her voice was harmony, untaught by art ;
Her form, the graces of a guileless heart ;
Fair silken ringlets, beaming eyes of love,
Won her the name of *Mercy* from above.

Their mother, when to womanhood they'd grown,
Called them aside, and blessed them as her own ;
Then bade them ask which of her dowry they
Should wish to chose, as her last legacy.

Proud sullen Revenge, ask'd her sharp glitt'ring sword,
That high and low might tremble at her word,
That Justice, she, the injured might award,
And with her balance, equal rights regard.

Meek, gentle Mercy, with an angel's mind,
Ask'd father like her mother to be blind !
That she might not too critically scan
The wayward faults of thoughtless, erring man.

" Ah ! Mercy, child." the loving mother said,
" Yours is the dower, by which the pure are made
Recipients of bliss ; man gave the sword,
Forgiving blindness came from the blest Lord !
Man fights for honour, heav'n forgives the wrong,
And thus, through patience, learns to suffer long."

Revenge grinn'd sullen at her sister's praise,
And left her home to seek for honour's bays
'Mong sterner sons of unrelenting earth,
Where death and fury kind'led at her breath ;
And thus she left her peaceful, happy home,
'Mong fallen spirits, like herself, to roam.

Wher'er she came, the noble and the proud
Hail'd her as Justice' self, in anthems loud ;
And warlike nations fell beneath her sway,
And men were most extolled, who most could slay ;
Thus honour on earth, for virtue was renowned,
And conquest reigned o'er right in fetters bound.

Dark years roll'd on, and earth lay drenched in gore,
When peace 'mong men, the gods sought to restore,
Then Mercy, mission'd earthward, bent her flight,
And strove to stem her sister's blood-stained might.
But mankind deemed her mandate's empty wind,

And laughed to scorn her cowardice of mind,—
Compared with honour's stern unflinching claim,
Engraved in blood upon the car of fame.

Still Mercy strove till patience ceased to be
A virtue, and her love no urging plea,
And scorned by all, rejected, stoned, and driven,
She sought again, her resting place in heaven.

MORAL.

Let all remember, who this tale may read,
That transferr'd goodness is no heavenly creed.
That vice, or virtue, in the choice we make
For good, or ill, will form a saint, or rake :
That heaven-born goodness seeks all human good,
Nor rests her claim in spilling human blood,
That Mercy's plumb should level Justice' line,
That frailty, erring, may be *squar'd divine*.

ADDRESS DELIVERED TO THE SAINTS AT
BURSLEM, STAFFORDSHIRE, 1850.

All hail ! ye Saints, who love to serve the Lord,
Who have obey'd the ord'nance of his word,
Who've felt the pure, the spirit-stirring flame
Burn in your bosoms for his servant's name—
E'en Joseph, our beloved, martyred Seer,
And Hyrum, whom our souls would still revere !
Who held the keys of knowledge to secure
Earth's blessings for the meek, deserving poor.
Yes, Brethren, though this canting world should frown,
These men of God shall wear *the martyr's crown !*
And you, their followers, shall be all inspired
To rise like them, where glory is acquired ;—
Where thrones, dominions, powers of endless life,
Shall crown the suffering Saints with honours rife.

O ! what a glorious prospect of release,
When Christ shall reign a thousand years in peace,
To live in Zion, where no hostile band
Shall rob, or mob, or murder, at command !
When Saint's shall turn their spears to pruning hooks,
And burn their old sectarian sermon books,

Where groaning thieves, and praying rogues, no more
Shall do in credit, what the damned abhor.

This night, my friends, let love our hearts unite,
And let that love our vile opposers smite,
Till their black hearts in silent anguish tell
Their mock-made virtue's but the spleen of hell ;
And while we seek to keep the ancient path,
Fear not their scorn, their int'rest, nor their wrath ;
The day of their earn'd retribution's near,
Why should you then the power of demons fear
In human form, who yet will fawning greet,
And crave your favour, bending at your feet !
Continue then, united as one man,
And do for all the greatest good you can !
Uphold the men whom God hath sent with truth,
And you shall flourish in immortal youth :
To you they're as God ; their instructions hear,
Their blessings seek, their curse still learn to fear ;
Obey their mandates, and posterity
Shall bless your names through all eternity.

And oh ! my friends, in love, protect your wives ;
Learn to govern, and peace will crown your lives.
And sisters, mark what your fond husbands say,
And children will your precepts all obey.

My Sisters, who still look for Hymen's bliss,
Deal shyly with your sweethearts when they kiss ;
As kissing is the key of Gentile love,
Still watch their fondness, lest they faithless prove :
Reserve *that* favour 'till the knot is tied,
Then love with kissing will be well allied.

Now drink your bev'rage, but mind 'tis not hot,
Lest you break Wisdom's laws, and burn your throat ;
Refrain from puffing, lest your breath offend ;
Wash clean your face ; and to your hair attend ;
And then the world will say you're changed indeed,
Since you've obeyed and kept the "Mormon" creed !

FAREWELL.

Written and read to the Saints in Worcester, at parting, in December, 1851.

In this dark world,—where changes dim the scene
From rough to smooth, from fear to hope serene,
From sweet to gall, from pleasure to despair,
From health to sickness, folly, want, and care—
No change so sad, no words can truly tell !
The mind's reluctance at the thought "Farewell."

"Tis best, to meet misfortune in the face,
And dare its frownings with a manly grace ;
To cheer the downcast, and the outcast own ;
To bless our friends for by-past favours shown.
But ah ! what feelings our fond bosoms swell,
When fortune sep'rates with a long "Farewell."

Friends ! no—for that's by far too mean a word,
And can't express what saintship would record,
Where kindred souls are bound by other ties—
Than earthly passions at their parting sighs—
It binds remembrance with a magic spell,
And chokes the utt'rance to express "Farewell."

My Brethren dear ! twas with a feeling heart
I strove to bind you never more to part ;
Though now we sever, yet a little while
We'll meet again, and Heaven shall o'er us smile,
Where none shall come to Zion's mountain dell
To mar our peace, or bid us say " Farewell."

Three summers' suns have o'er us pass'd away,
Since first, a stranger, here I bent my way,
Where few heard of, or felt th' inspiring flame,
To love each other in Jehovah's name,
Though many now in testimony tell
How they can bid old Babylon "Farewell."

To part for ever ! this can never be,
While one ennobling spirit makes us free
To think, and act, by Heaven's inspiring law,
And from its source all consolation draw ;
This, this alone, in Heaven, Earth, or Hell,
Will still forbid the Saints to say " Farewell."

FEAR.

F E A R

A Fragment.

There is a meaning in some words that few
Completely understand ; and fear is one.
Indeed, 'twere well if none its terrors knew,
For then by it none would e'er be undone.
Fear is the spirit of remorse, yet true,
The cause, deterring evil, ere begun.
'Tis good and bad, a virtue and a vice,
That few could want,—that fewer make their choice.

We've heard of men, by its impressive shock,
Stunn'd lifeless where they stood ; and of one too
Swung o'er a precipice, or sea-girt rock,
On eagle-nesting, (if the tale be true),
The vulture came ; the person aim'd a stroke,
And miss'd his prey, and cut the tow near through ;
His comrades pull'd him to the top, when lo !
His jetty locks were turned as white as snow.

Reverse it comes at times, with such a thump,
That men, who, other times, were quite insane,
Have proven firm, courageous, wise, and prompt,
As if they had the best developed brain.

Although phrenologists have no such bump,
Yet, caution answers for it, they maintain ;
While some call this but mere apology
For better proof to prove bumpology.

Think for a moment, how the mind's disease
Affects the culprit in the judgment hall ;
He seems courageous, yet, how ill at ease,
When, through the grating in the prison wall,
The apparatus for his death he sees,
Strange, unexpected feelings, him appal,
Than ere remorse had burst the awful spell
Of daring suffering, in his gloomy cell.

Full fast the blood comes rushing from the heart ;
Anon it ebbs, as if no life were there ;
Cold perspiration's frantic flush imparts
The trembling attitude of wild despair—
The last, the long farewell,—the sudden start,—
The falt'ring tongue,—the vacant eyes that glare,—
But tell too true a tale, when death is near,
What is the sad o'erwhelming power of fear.

REFLECTIONS ON A BANK NOTE.
—

Money makes the man, the want of it the fellow,
The rest is all but leather and prunello—*Anon.*

Thou representative of something great,
What wert thou in thine unconverted state ?
Derived from lint, stalks, or, as like may be,
The downy castings of the cotton tree !
Perchance the lowly silkworm's death-shroud gave
The silky texture which thou seem'st to have ;
Spun into yarn—then woven into cloth—
Then worn—then cast away as what we loathe ;
And after mingling with—decomposition !
Mark the reverse of this—thy strange transition—
Snatched from the dunghill by the ragman's hand ;
Again remodell'd as thou now dost stand ;
Invested with the honour of a name,—
The painted mockery of a righteous claim.
Heaven bless us ! and is this our riches !
The loathsome flumm'ry of rags from wretches !
For such as thee I've seen life's forfeit given—
The miser's soul lose all its hopes of Heaven ;
The poor despis'd, and wealthier ones made poor
From failures of thy sponsors—insecure !
Yes, yes, from thee, thou fragment of a shirt !

Or the torn tatters of some mantle's skirt :
So subject to be lost, consumed by fire,
Dissolv'd with water, or defac'd with mire,
Thy weakly form, how liable to tear,
How soon thou'rt worn, e'en with the greatest care ;
But who—vain ghost of currency—pray, who
Gave thee such value, as to stand in lieu
Of labour ?—tell me, for I wish to know
Who thy great sponsor is, that I may go
Directly to the source whence thou dost flow,
And there examine what thy motive is
For circulation—ha ! interest !! 'Tis
Individual selfishness makes mankind sweat
To help some lordling of the soil to meet
Extravagance ! forsooth, to make his land
(As if it did not yield enough) demand
A double—treble int'rest by the law,
To palm thee, tiny thing ! that he may draw
With seeming grace, and usury provoking,
First for his land, and then for paper-brokings.
And is this all, vain thing ! thou canst produce
To make thee so respected for abuse—
The trust-deed of a promissory pay,
That may go down for ever in one day !
Ha, ha, bank note ; when all thy faults are told,
Thou'rt nothing to the yellow, glittering gold !!

UNKINONESS

RECREATION.

A Fable.

A little sportive boy one day
Espied a butterfly at play
Among the garden flow'rets fair,
Flutt'ring about in wanton air,
Sipping the sweets from every flower,
O'er lawn and rosy belted bower.
Charm'd with its varied coloured hue,
The urchin quickly did pursue ;
Till on a honey-suckle bloom,
He dash'd it rudely with his thumb ;
And crush'd its little tiny frame,
Which caus'd it thus in death t' exclaim—
“ Ah, naughty boy, why be so rude ?
Why thus, so wickedly intrude ?
Why be so anxious to obtain
What spoils your sport, and gives me pain ;
Why should you do such cruel things,
To crush my little tiny wings,
Which, dazzling, lured your lustful eye,
And gain'd, could never gratify.
Go youth,” she said, “ but, ere you go,
Learn this from my sad overthrow,—
Though beauty tempt your rash desire

To kill what folly did admire ;
Know, vanity, by lust possessed,
Is death, and short-liv'd at the best ;
But love, that is with bliss replete,
Seeks to obtain, and careful keep
Those objects *we* would wish to have ;
And to preserve, admire, and save,
Guarding them with an angel's care,
From every foul, malignant snare."

So ended,—thus, the insect died !
While the astonish'd urchin cried—
“ O live ! O live ! forgive the crime,
The like again shall ne'er be mine.”
But tears of deep repentance shed,
Could not bring back its life now fled.

MILLENNIUM

THERE IS SOMETHING AT HAND.

There's a voice in the valleys, the mountains, and floods,
And a rustling wailing is heard in the woods ;
The greensward and foliage fall seared in the leaf,
And the gay flowers, *untimely*, are *drooping* in grief !
For the Angel of Death ! pours his *curse o'er the land*,
And the people amazed cry—"There's *something at hand*."

There's a sound in the wind, in the Monsoon, and squall,
And its bellowings echo th' Avalanche's fall ;
The ocean laughs loud, while in tempest arrayed,
And the *lightnings gleam* bright o'er the *wreck* she has
made ;
Yet they know not the cause of the *corse-covered strand*,
But despairingly cry—"Surely *something's at hand*!"

There are spots in the sun, as the prophets foretold,
And the pale moon looks sad on the earth growing old ;
For a harsh sound is heard in her bowels' loud groan,
While her *volcanic cough* vomits *fire* in her *moan*—
Yet though frailty and age tell her *last* running sand,
Ah ! the gay world perceives not this "*Something at hand*"!

There's a *spectre* abroad ! like the wind's airy breeze,
That cometh to all, yet no *mortal eye sees* ;

In the *haunts* of the *wretched* its *trophies* are seen,
And death strews its pathway where'er it hath been ;
Though pestilence rages, they can't understand,
But, *terror-struck*, cry—"Surely *something's at hand.*"

There's invention and change, Priest, Artist, and Sage ;
From good, better, to best ! stamps the toil of the age ;
And their *mountebank skill* rings the change into gold,
And their gold becomes tin, as new changes unfold :
Thus *presto* goes on, touched by Mammon's sly wand !
And the *jugglers*, delighted, cry—"Something's at hand" !

There's *wealth* in abundance, and *misery* in *store* !
There is *wisdom*, and *learning*, and *ignorance* more ;
There is everything *better* ! and everything *worse* !
More refinement, and morals ; yet more of the curse—
War ! Religion ! and slav'ry, the world now command,
And Bab'lon, in wonder, cries—"Something's at hand."

But what is this "*Something*" all fear and adore ?
That so strangely now "*casteth its shadows before*,"
Which the learned, and illiterate, look for to come :
Be't for good or for bad ? abroad or at home ?
"Tis this wonderful truth—tidings awfully grand !
That *God's time to reign on the earth is at hand* !

Z I O N.

Prepare, prepare, ye Saints of the Most High,
Behold the Bridegroom standeth at the door ;
The signs declar'd, announce his coming nigh,
When grief and pain shall vex your souls no more,
But joyful rest, and nature's boundless store
Shall bless the sunshine of a thousand years,
Where friendship ne'er betrays the love it bore,
Nor dims faith's tranquil face with brimful tears,
Nor clouds our future prospects with alarming fears.

Beyond the cloud capped mountains far away,
The Priesthood of God's testimony's borne
To fairer climes of mild pacific ray,
Where peaceful rest shall crown the sorrow-worn
With triple-portion'd love for by-gone scorn.
Nursed by the care of Heaven's mighty power,
The infant Church will rise like sunny morn,
From east to west the glowing light shall soar,
Till dark chaotic night, its brightness melts before !

From far the gath'ring tribes shall flocking come,
Like swift-wing'd messengers out o'er the sea,
To join the reapers' happy harvest-home,
With everlasting songs of Heavenly glee.

On Zion's mount a father's joy will be
To see his seed, and claim them for his own ;
A long, long patriarchial pedigree,
Restor'd by Gospel light, before unknown
To this dark world, where sin's vast ruin reigned
alone.

Hail glorious day ! when gath'ring Saints command
The joint-stock riches of a hundred isles ;
And equal-balanc'd justice bless *the land*
Where clear-ey'd virtue o'er industry smiles ;
And purest joys emparadise the toils
Of woe-worn pilgrims in the trying day,
Who've borne the scorn 'mid deep alluring wiles,
And deadly venom'd, dark apostacy,
To bring again Messiah's universal sway !

Prepare the royal robes, ye saintly throng ;
The marriage day of Heavenly nuptials, near,
When the *fair bride*, and festive banquet song,
Shall crown the triumphs of a higher sphere,
While ransom'd children, palms of vict'ry wear,
Patriarchs, Prophets, martyr'd Saints, and Kings,
Around the throne in homage deep, revere
The mighty God, who thus Salvation brings,
And all confess Him, Lord o'er all created things !

LINES WRITTEN TO ELDER ELI B. KELSEY

On his return to America.

Farewell ! my dearest Kelsey,
To fairer climes thou'l^t roam,
To seek for thy beloved wife
A happy, mountain home.
Thy worth, reward shall merit,
For Zion's land I see,
Thy birthright to inherit,
Is there prepared for thee.

Thou wert my loved preceptor,
With others I could name,
Who taught me first to gather,
A wreath of endless fame.
Thy track I mean to travel,
Though thorny it may be,
Through storms and tempest scowling,
Still, I shall follow thee.

And when the sea has parted
Our intercourse a while,
I'll not repine, deserted,
Though weary worn with toil.

For still thy sun shall gladden,
Its rise and set we'll see ;
If ought thy heart should sadden,
There's one remembers thee.

When moonlight gilds the mountains
In silv'ry, fairy light,
Or shades the lakes and fountains
In cloudless beauty bright,
Mine eye shall watch its motion,
And thou its course shalt see ;
Then with heartfelt devotion,
Exchange a prayer with me !

Should old friends be enquiring
How Lyon moves along,
Oh ! tell them he's desiring
To join their happy throng.
Greet brother Franklin with a kiss,
Give sister Kelsey three,
And Shields, M'Laws, and others,
My love eternally !

Then haste dear Brother back again
To Scotland's heath and hill ;
Her sons will greet thee welcome,
Her daughters with good will.

To gather home's their chief delight,
They're longing to be free,
Then sail, and steam, with eagle flight,
We all shall pray for thee.

LINES TO MRS. ELI B. KELSEY.

Dear Sister, though unknown to thee,
In this far distant land,
Still I have seen thy better half,
And grasped his feeling hand.
Yes, I have heard his manly voice
Pure words of wisdom speak ;
And, like that love thou hast for him,
I've kiss'd his glowing cheek !

And I have watched his sick-worn eye,
His throbbing pulse I've pressed,
When no kind wife could hear the sigh,
That swelled his heaving breast.

And with a brother's warmest love,
He's blest my kind regard,
And I have thought on thee and thine,
When I such bliss have shared.

In love, or joy, or sorrow's tears,
When light or darkness came,
I felt in part, his weal or woe,
His honour or his shame.
And now my sister, am not I
Thy brother and thy friend,
By ties more dear than flesh and blood—
Ties that shall never end.

One kindred seed of Joseph's loins,
Though scatter'd o'er the earth,
One offspring of a holy race,
Of kingly, heavenly birth.
Though now humility has drawn
Its curtain o'er the past,
Our kindred spirits still do feel
That love that e'er shall last.

Thus sister, fondly would I claim
Relationship with thee,

And hold sweet intercourse, and speak
In figures o'er the sea !
For well I ween in sunny bowers
We spent the jocund hours,
Ere time and distance parted friends
In this dull world of ours.

Then till we meet, accept my love,
For love shall never die ;
No time nor change can mar its course,
Here, or beyond the sky.
Then oh ! accept this token frail,
That faintly doth impart
The feelings of a brother's love,
Warm gushing from the heart.

FAREWELL ECHO.

INSCRIBED TO ELDER JOHN BANKS.

Farewell, beloved brother Banks, farewell ;
Oh ! may the parting echo in the distance tell
How much among the Saints I love to dwell.
Say, brother, say, shall we e'er meet again ?
Echo—If faithful you remain !

Thrice with thy presence I have favoured been,
And these, like Angels' visits, “ far between.”
Where will the fourth be ? and what like the scene ?
Say, brother, say, where my soul loves the best ?
Echo—Far, far in the West !

And will my brethren whom I love be there ?
Ross, Cook, and Clinton, and my sisters fair ?
And will the poet their best blessings share ?
Say, brother, will they still remember Lyon ?
Echo—Yes, yes in Zion !

And will the servants of the Lord retain
The ruling power, as kings and priests, to reign
Till earth becomes a Paradise again ?
Say, where will persecutors be, pray tell ?
Echo—Alas ! in hell !

Come, brother come, these mystic thoughts reply,
Come, give me courage, ere you leave, that I
May gain a crown where grief will ne'er come nigh ;
Say, will the Saints again be ever driven ?
Echo—Never by Heaven !

Oh glorious parting, worth ten thousand tears !
What's hope deferr'd, with all life's anxious fears ?
To live with men renown'd, a thousand years !
What's persecution, and a world's dark frown ?
Echo—An endless life and crown !

Go, wizard echo, with thy mystic sound,
O'er land and sea, to earth's remotest bound ;
Tell where the Saints a resting place have found ;
Say, there in peace the Saints unmoved shall dwell,
Echo—Yes, Lyon, yes ; farewell, farewell !

INSCRIBED TO ELDER J. W. CUMMINGS,

President of the Sheffield Conference, in 1850.

Farewell, dear friends, we now must part,
 But let this record tell
How we have lived, and laboured hard
 To save a world from hell.
Amid the sneers, and scoffs, and fears,
 Of hireling priests and press,
Still we have found our standing ground,
 And made their numbers less.

Though now from you I must away,
 Another one shall come,
Whose spirit-stirring teachings may
 Record a larger sum !
Though conscious I have done my best,
 A greater good may he,
And while your name shall rise in fame,
 Your works shall gladden me.

Be constant, prayerful, thoughtful, wise ;
 Let love your actions guide ;
Be sympathising, nor despise
 The darken'd sinner's pride.

Truth found us all in misery's thrall,
Thick darkness, and dismay,
T'was Gospel light infused new sight,
To see this glorious day !

Then boldly meet the foe of man,
Nor fear the tyrant's frown !
The thoughtful, they shall understand,
The wicked be put down.
While vengeance low'rs, and death devours,
For God has said they should !
'Mong fallen men be valiant then
To save the truly good.

Farewell ! for ever I'll not say ;
I know we yet shall meet,—
Perhaps in Zion, far away ;
In Heaven, or *there*, we'll greet.
It matters not where'er our lot
Or destiny be cast,—
There's one thing sure, the *meek* and *pure*
Will *reign with Christ* at last.

LINES WRITTEN ON THE DEPARTURE OF
MR. JOHN BROMLEY AND FAMILY,

For Council Bluffs, North America.

And must we part ? 'tis like a dream
Of thee, but half before me,
That thou art going, till a gleam
Of truthfulness comes o'er me.
When I perceive the busy turn
Of each one in thy dwelling,
It makes my heart with feelings burn,
Beyond the power of telling.

When I recall the by-past days,
At Camp where first I met ye,
Strange in our customs, manners, ways,
E'en then ye did respect me.
And better far, the Truth you heard,
Which then in friendship bound us
With more than friendship's kind regard,
And since has ever found us.

And now in love, we in the same
Do sep'rate far asunder,
Which proves this Gospel and its name

A marv'lous work and wonder.
Yet, wondrous far, we'll meet again
Where fond hearts ne'er shall sever,
And there on earth with Christ we'll reign,
Nor parted be for ever.

Though glad to meet, and sad to part,—
And parting grief is tender !
Now anguish wrings the throbbing heart ;
To joy 'twill then surrender !
For sorrow now, we'll have delight,
For present loss, then splendour,
In thrones and kingdoms, power and might,
And all celestial grandeur.

ADDRESS TO 'FORTY-NINE.

Farewell to thee, old 'Forty-nine,
Thy annals brief will tell
The good and evil thou hast brought
Where feuds and discord dwell ;
For kings and thrones have passed away ;
No more their glory shines,
Save thy dark date, to mark the day
It *died* in 'Forty-nine !

And many a fond, endearing tie—
'Mong friends has parted been,
By pestilence and poverty,
Since thy bleak face was seen !
And *darker still* Time's records will
Unveil the world's decline,
Till coming fate past woes relates,
E'en worse than 'Forty-nine.

In thee, the speculator's mart
In *railway scrip* has drained
The purse and peace of many a heart,
By av'rice *unrestrained* !
And now their wealth and labour lost
On each unfinished "Line"—

Reveal the goose-chase and the ghost
Of Eighteen Forty-nine !

In thee old piety, impure,
In sacerdotal stole !
Comes in the vestments of a w—re,
To cheat th' unwary soul.
Six hundred names her w—reship claims,
A *motley coloured* shrine,
To please the *Votaries* of the beast,
In Pope-less (!) 'Forty-nine.

And still thy song is loud and long,
Of coming good to see !
While the distress'd, with want oppressed,
Find no relief in thee.
Ah ! world of woe ! thine overthrow,
The Prophets all divine—
And yet the signs thou dost not know,
So mark'd in 'Forty-nine.

Far in the mountains of the west,
• A gathering kingdom grows,
While hireling Priests and venal press
That kingdom all oppose !
Yet still its gathering thousands come ;

With joy their hearts incline
To join their friends in Zion's home,
In Eighteen Forty-nine.

Farewell ! but ere we part, one word,
And then a *last adieu*—
Tell *Eighteen-fifty* when he comes,
To ask advice from you ;
Say what you've seen, and heard, and known,
From these remarks of mine,
That 'Fifty may have this to say,
I've earn'd from 'Forty-nine !

RETALIATION,

INSCRIBED TO FRANKLIN D. RICHARDS,

One of the Twelve Apostles.

When Jesus appeared as the Saviour of men !
His back to the smiters, for Truth, gave he then ;
That redemption and mercy to sinners might flow ;
Ah ! then all his work was—*a kiss for a blow.*

And onward his followers shared the same fate,
While the spirit of Truth stemmed a world of hate :
Just so was it then, and will ever be so,
While falsehood can utter,—*a kiss for a blow.*

But when he returns in his glory to reign !
No more shall he suffer the scoffer's disdain :
Then the black-hearted, hypocrite sinners shall know,
There's no longer for them—*a kiss for a blow.*

Hark ! a voice from on high, saying, "Oh Lord, how long,"
And on earth a loud cry of wailing and wrong ;
For the land's *full of robbery, violence, and woe,*
And the *causers* cry on—*give a kiss for a blow.*

Yet, there is a day when in wrath he'll devour,
And thrash them to dust with the rod of his power ;
Who now cry "Lord, Lord" ! in tones mournfully low,
And *cheat, lie, and preach*, give—a *kiss for a blow.*

If *slander* and *falsehood* were axioms of bliss,
And a *growl* for a *scowl*, and a *kick* for a *kiss* ;
Then sin, in its pure native colours would glow,
And we'd laugh when 'twas said, give—a *kiss for a blow.*

But, alas, for the motto, "put evil for good,"
To say *well*, and do *ill*, is now understood ;
With words sweet and oily, and hearts cold as snow,
The wicked can trump forth—a *kiss for a blow.*

FORGIVENESS.

When I against the Lord transgress ;
And none but He can know my secret sin,
Then I'll repent, and strive His love to win,
By doing all that I've forgot to do,
And more devoutly righteousness pursue ;
Then shall I have forgiveness.

And should my folly cause distress
To father, mother, sister, brother, friend ;
I'll run with speed, confess to each, and mend
The sinful breach by new obedience ;
All loss restoring, through the vile offence ;
Then shall I have forgiveness.

Should love demand that I confess,
For open sin a public sense of grief ;
I'll humbly yield, if this should bring relief ;
No matter what may be the penance, still
I'll strive the law of trespass to fulfil,
To gain from all, forgiveness.

Then shall my brethren love, and bless
The penitent with heartfelt joy again,

While the recording Angels sound the strain
Through brighter spheres—the sinner is forgiven,
And mercy, radiant with the smile of Heaven,
Exults in God's forgiveness.

THE BOY'S QUESTIONS.

“ Tell me, dear mother, what you mean
When speaking of the sun ?
You say from it we've light, and heat,
Where'er his influence runs !
And yet, I've seen the highest hills
Capped with the glist'ning snow
In summer months, when scorching heat
Burned all the grass below !

“ And then beyond this atmosphere,
You say 'tis dark as night !
If so, whence all this heat below ?
How comes this streaming light ?

Why does the sun not melt away
The snow on mountains high ?
I wonder how 'tis dark above,
And cold so near the sky !

“ Again, you've said yon glitt'ring stars
Are worlds more large in size
Than this great globe, when I have seen
Them dart from out the skies !
Yet, long before I went to school,
Or such great wonders knew,
I've thought them holes, by Angels made,
To peep at mortals through.

“ And then, you say this world goes round
Each day and night, 'tis so
That what is now above our heads,
In twelve hours is below ;
And yet, you say that Heaven's above,
Where all the good folks dwell.
May they not have a world like ours,
And move about as well ?

“ And mother, I have heard you say
That God is every-where !
And yet, I've never seen His form ;

Why, mother, how you stare !
Does not His all-creative power
Declare His fame abroad,
But, mother, though those works are great,
Is not their AUTHOR God ?

“ And Parson Gripp says hell is deep !
Yea bottomless and wide !
Will those who fall into that pit
Ne’er reach the other side ?
Ah ! mother, now you seem to grieve ;
Why do you look so sad ?
Tell me, dear mother, if you please,
Are these thoughts very bad ? ”

“ Ah ! foolish child,” the mother said,
“ Why speak you so unwise ?
”Tis not for us to know such things ;
Your thoughts, me quite surprise ;
It is profane to think of God,
When none can search him out :
Know’st thou not child, we should believe ;
Not question, far less, doubt.

“ ”Tis wrong to speak of Heaven or Hell,
Or stars, or heat, or light,

And question their existence so ;
You put me in a fright.
But I will pray the Lord for thee,
That thou may'st be forgiven !
Nor pry beyond what is revealed,
But walk by faith to Heaven,"

AXIOMS.

Saint Paul of old, has somewhere said,
That votaries at Jesus' shrine
Should study maxims Truth has laid,
By which they may be purer made,
And rise to be like God, Divine !

Love is the first, by which they rise
Above the baser passion, hate ;
By it they meaner things despise,
And triumph o'er the selfish wise,
Subdue themselves, and Truth elate.

Their joy's the fruit of social good,
That burns with feelings of the blest ;

It gives the mind a kindly mood,
And soothes the savage and the rude,
And points to all—a future rest.

And like the calm of summer's morn,
Sweet peace serenely bears control ;
Though of all worldly honours shorn,
It never leaves the heart forlorn !
But reigns benignly o'er the soul.

The baser thought, the mean intent,
Which frown to see another's good,
Which give weak failing, broad extent,
And make our virtues evil meant ;
Where love is, these can ne'er intrude.

Let Saints inspired with Heaven-born love,
Forgive as they would be forgiven,
That peace, and joy, may ever prove
The fruit in them, that is above,
To make this earth, a Heaven !

BLESSING FOR THE DEAD.

How happy the Saints who are faithful and true,
Who have kept their first love, and on earth do renew
The cov'nants they've made in the regions above,
And still prove their faith by their labours of love.
They'll rejoice evermore in the Kingdom of God,
And have for reward, an eternal abode !

Rejoice all ye dead who the Truth have not heard ;
In the spirit you'll learn all the power of His word,
And the vast prison-house shall be opened for you,
When you've paid the last mite for your sins justly due.
In the mansions of peace, for the righteous prepared,
You'll live in the joys of eternal reward !

Be vigilant then, all ye faithful, to earn
What the dead are so anxiously waiting to learn,
Your trials, and patience, and sufferings, and loss,
Shall be gain in the end, if you bear off the cross,
And those who are saved, shall extol God, the giver,
And shine like the stars, in His kingdom for ever.

DISEASE.

O fell disease ! thou mortal scourge of man,
That fires the blood, or chills it cold as death.
Who ever saw thee ? none ! and yet, how wan
Thou mak'st thy victim, as he pants for breath,
Whilst struggling 'neath thy deadly venomed dart,
With more than mortal patience 'neath thy smart.

Who ever touched thee ? none ! and yet thou'rt real,
More certain than the sword's keen edge, or ball,
Or poisoned arrow, tipped with barbed steel :
No giant's prowess proves a surer fall,—
Yet, felt, unseen, thou com'st our mortal foe ;
Assassin-like, thou strik'st the deadly blow.

Who ever heard thee ? none ! and yet the dumb
Oft shriek, and shiver 'neath thy killing grasp,
Whilst every faculty thou dost benumb,
And tear'st the flesh as with a rough toothed rasp ;
Till every nerve and sinew have a voice,
And cry, “foul murder,” with stentorian noise.

Whoever tasted thy infernal fume
That boils the blood till oozing out each pore

Where'er thou spread'st thy pestilential gloom—
Where cholera, typhus, and a hundred more
Diseases, putrify the atmosphere
Till life becomes a load too hard to bear ?

No sympathy thou hast for old or young !
The mew'ling infant, and the hoary sage
Alike fall prostrate 'neath thy influence, stung ;
Nor grief, nor pity can thy wrath assuage.
A thousand ties of fond, paternal care
Thou'st rent asunder, parent of despair.

Alas ! disease ! ah ! wherefore thus allowed
To wreak thy vengeance on the human race ?
The good and bad, before thee all have bowed,
And borne thy burdens with a hopeful grace,
As if kind Heaven had sent thee as a boon,
To cloud the day of life ere it be noon.

Offspring of sin ! foul parent of decease,
Though painful, yet a stimulant to good,
To rectify the mind, that might through ease
Have fallen, didst thou not fiercely intrude :
A scourge, a penalty, a painful rod,
Kept for the wicked in the hand of God.

PROFLIGACY.

How passing strange, yet true, that man so great,
So nobly gifted, should himself demean
To love those things which do inebriate,
And lead to acts, disgusting and obscene ;
And fall beneath that which but elevates
An hour to passion's momentary spleen—
His own remorse, the world's opprobrium,
By using gin, tobacco, opium !

See yonder wretch ! just hurled on the street ;
His ragged form and sunken eye express
How much his patrons do his company greet
When he has squandered by his mad excess,
All he possessed, and cannot now well meet
Their just demands ! not that they love him less,
But that they *love his money* rather *more* !
Now, having none, they've *kicked* him from *their door*.

If reason were of no essential use,
By which our appetites could be denied,—
Then, thinking mortals well might find excuse
For all that is improperly applied ;

But, to ingulph what animals refuse,
Seems strange in beings nobly Deified
To know both good and ill, yet reckless drink
Damnation, till their reason cannot think.

Ah ! cursed world, to license hells t' ensnare
The giddy passions of a nobler race—
Who, wrong directed, might have been aware
If better taught—thy damning sad disgrace ;
But mock religion, with her blotted glare,
Sanctions thy usage with impudent face,
And gives the State her prayers and approbation
To license men to live by degradation !

ODE TO MORN.

The night ! the night ! the dark, dull night,
Is gliding fast away ;
Sweetly the breath of infant morn,
Wafts on its wings, fair day.
See ! see ! the rays with pressing might,
Now grey, now blue, now lost in white,
Far, far, o'er hill and sea are borne :
Glad life-inspiring light of morn !

The sun ! the sun ! in golden hues
Shame-faced peeps o'er the lawn,
As if he fain would say, "excuse
My long protracted dawn."
Hear ! hear ! from nature's varied throng,
The low, the bleat, the warbler's song ;
Sea, mountain, sky, stream, oak, and thorn,
Salute, and welcome in, the morn !

Listen ! listen ! does nature weep ?
Softly the dew-drops fall ;
They're tears of joy, that night would keep
To deck her gloomy pall.

But morn ! bright morn ! with glad'ning ray,
Comes forth to wipe those tears away,
And cheer those drooping buds forlorn,
Fanned by the sunny breeze of morn !

The star ! the star ! the morning star,
Is lost in ether light,
And hope ! bright hope ! shines from afar
Through dreamy, cheerless night.
The hollow voice, the glist'ning eye,
Whisper thy welcome with a sigh,
While from the couch all weary worn,
Spring hopes effulgent as the morn !

Flap ! flap ! on downy pinions grey ;
Hark ! chanticleer has drawn
His shrill-toned notes to wake the day,
And usher in the dawn.
The warbling songsters' matin sound,
And busy hammers' clanking bound,
Proclaim, though labour weary-worn,
Refreshed with rest, salutes the morn !

W A T E R .

An Ode.

Water ! blest boon ; great gift of God to man !
Less thought of than the least of all bestowed.
Exhilarating force of other laws,
To thee we owe earth's fructifying power ;
Like God's own spirit, thou dost seem to be
In nature all that is the germ of life
Innate—that moves, or grows, or thinks, above,
Below, in nature's vast laboratory.

Thou mighty, Godlike, analyzing power !
Thy motion far surpasseth all of strength.
Through granite rock alike in marble mines
Thou wearest out a channel for thyself,
And makest streams and subterranean floods,
Then risest from thy hidden source to bless
The arid wastes, and fertilize, unknown,
The barren desert soil with inland seas.

Strange that thy 'vapourating, clammy sweat,
In misty oozings from the stagnant lake,
Hath murmured in thousand crystal rills,
Or swept Niag'ra's thund'ring, foamy steep,

Or washed the cloud-capped Himalays, revered
For healing virtues where the Ganges flow—
Or spouted through the nostrils of a whale,
Or soared aloft far on the gusty wind.

And still thy wonders grow, as search pursues
The *heated influence* of thy giant strength :
Alike romantic in the letter-press,
Aiding the progress of intelligence !
Or in the locomotive, railway power,
Whizzing along, as if by magic driven,
Through sea, or land, and all by art combined—
By fire dissolved, producing force—confined !

Transcendent blessing ! yet, tremendous curse !
Thine overflowings tell an awful tale,
When erst Heaven's windows opened, and all
The fountains of the deep were broken up.
Though now in golden lines of mercy drawn,
When dark'ning clouds proclaim the coming storm,
Thou bringest tidings of Almighty grace,
Pencilled in the rainbow's glowing hues !

Transparent copy of immortal mind !
Thy varied hues, responsive to the light's
Reflection, and the frigid cold—alike

The harlequin of colour, shape, or clime ;
At times the dew-drop, on the opening flower,
Or freezing snow-sleet, glazed in feath'ry flakes,
Or ice-bound, like the adamantine rock,
Stern-hoary warden of the polar seas.

Yet, still thou art beneficently kind.
When nature, panting with a burning thirst,
Looks up to Heaven with florid, famished gaze,
How sweet in tear-drops, and in gushing rain
From scattered clouds, broke on the mountain tops
By gravitation's vulcan hand, thou down
In torrents falling, weep'st thyself away,—
Infusing life in ev'ry shrub and flower.

First, last, best bev'rage requisite for man,
For nature, and for all subsistency ;
How sweet thy cooling draught, when parching thirst
Crawls, searching, o'er the energies of life.
Ten thousand thanks would ill repay thy worth
To Him, the universal Lord of all,
Who called thee out of chaos by His power,
And holds thee in the hollow of His hand.

EPISTLE TO ELDER JAMES LINFORTH.

Once more dear friend my harp I'll tune,
And sing of friendship's sacred boon,
 And plighted cov'nants broken ;
For well I ween your love of Truth—
Though some for baser ends forsooth
 Would it were never spoken—
Is still unbiased, still remains
 A thing you love to own,
Though wicked men, for worldly gains,
May at you sneer and frown.
 With fire then, my lyre then,
 Its chords I'll sweep along,
 While Linforth will henceforth
 Encore the Poet's song.

Religion's been my dearest friend
Through life. I hope still to the end
 Her soothing power to claim,
Though sometimes I've been forced to say,
Through owning her I've lost my way
 With men of worldly fame ;
For Oh ! it is an awful tale
 To tell, though it be true,

That truth and honesty are stale
Where ease and wealth's in view.

The world unfurled
Is error, spleen, and strife ;
The more we its ills see,
The less we love of life.

But O, my brother, how should we
Rejoice this latter time to see,

When Truth's again revealed ;
To know that tyranny and fraud,
And all that falsehood loved to laud,

No longer are concealed ;
When honest men for nobler aims
Shall spurn the tyrant's rod,
Nor countenance oppression's claims
Against the Truth and God.

Who'd dare then to spare then
The word by tongue or pen,
By preaching or teaching
God's Truth to sinful men.

I've felt my heart both sore and sad,
And often thought reformers mad,

To see them still renew
Their claims and prayers in Parliament,

With huge petitions yearly sent,
What course they should pursue ;
When every passing year but told
Their nation's debt and thrall ;
Whilst alehouse politicians old,
In dotage still do bawl
 'Gainst slavery, and knavery,
 And righteous laws to come,
 Whilst drinking, unthinking,
 Reform begins at home.

Again, to hear religious folks
On sects and parties passing jokes,
And damning one another ;
Or hear of Chistian nations' war,
Who pride themselves by death to mar
 The weal of their own brother ;
While to the self-same God they'll pray
 To aid their mad career,
That they may more triumphantly
A victory o'er them bear,
 Is madness and badness
 No infidel would name ;
 Such folly, though holy,
 Old Nick himself would shame.

Oh ! what a world of cursed strife,
With soldiers and policemen rife,
And prostitutes and rogues ;
Churches and ginshops, jails and stews,
Prelates and lawyers, pimps and news,
Now keep such things in vogue.
Thus hand in hand the line and bait
Draw life to each one's trade ;
Their fortune or their beggared fate
By opposition's made.

Thus prisons by dozens,
And churches ev'ry-where,
Do show how they know how
To live by "win and wear" !

But mark how "Mormonism" rules
Without such crime-inspiring tools
By which the poor are flayed.
Its Priests provide with their own hands
For all necessities' demands
By working at their trade.
There, each one judges what is right
By God's unerring word,
The couns'lor pays nought for his light,
The poor dread not the sword,

But peace still, ne'er cease will
Where Seers and Prophets dwell,
But rancour and hanker
Are Gentilism's ! hell.

So now, dear brother, here I'll rest,
And lay my harp aside ; at best
'Tis but a creaking lyre.
I felt the muse come o'er my brain,
So hope that you'll accept again
This effort to aspire ;
And should my song of pain and woe
Your mind with gloom o'ercast,
To other minds its truth may show
Old Bab'l'lon's glory's past,
Encore then, the lore then,
Of "Mormon" aspirations,
While Lyon will sigh on
The sounds of his libations.

MRS. T. B. H. STENHOUSE'S FAREWELL TO
HER HUSBAND.

Acrostic.

S hall all that this world in patience employ,
I n the present, or future, of grief, to annoy ;
S ay what is it all, though composed of the best ;
T o the hope of reward in our home in the west—
E ven life evermore, for our trials in this,
R egardless of suff'ring the deepest distress !

S urely this is the claim of your partner in life—
T o sympathize with you, and be a fond wife ;
E ver faithful and true, and in pureness of heart,
N eglecting no precept your counsels impart
H ow to rear up our offspring in Truth's lovely way !
O ur duty fulfilling, whate'er God shall say ;
U nder ev'ry hardship in patience to bear ;
S car'd not at pale want's gloomy visage of care ;
E ven death, should it come, cannot make me despair !

F orthwith, dearest husband, and father, and friend,
A ll my efforts, and aims, to assist you I'll lend ;
R espectful to please you, assisting to gain
E verlasting reward for a few days of pain,

W hen the true sons of Zion with sheaves shall return,
E xulting with joy over those who did mourn !
L oving wives then shall dance round the ark of the Lord,
L ike King David of old in the joy of His word.

T o receive that intelligence, power, and renown,
“O h ! help me, Great Spirit,” t’ endure for a crown.

H eaven bless you, dear partner, and when far away,
E ver know this fond heart for your success will pray ;
R ejoicing in hope I shall meet you some day.

H ere then let me rest, with no feeling ajar,
U nited in love, though divided—afar,
S till our hearts shall be one, like the sun’s blinding ray,
B eaming bright till it sets o’er the west, far away.
A h ! then, all my thoughts of affection and love,
N ow and ever shall follow your course to approve,
D elighted to know you are mine from above.

MEMENTO.

My dearest friends, for you I 've culled a wreath from
memory's bower,
Perfumed with Rue, Forget-me-not, and Eden's lovely
flower ;
That while you travel life's rough road, this posy ever
green
May tell of flowers that never fade, beyond this fleeting
scene.

But oh ! 'tis sad to touch the lyre when bent too tight
with *woe*,
For then the *chords* of feeling *spring* where grief's dull
numbers flow ;
Yet, sadder far, in sick'ning pain, when words nor tears
impart
One soothing feeling o'er the mind to ease the aching heart.

So now, my friend, the task be mine to touch a thrilling
strain,
And cheer you with revealings of Messiah's glorious reign !
Old hoary Time, thy *outspread wings, cross-bones, and*
sand-glass run,
Are *emblems of mortality* the fearful world would shun.

But, more divinely blest are you, with Truth's inspiring
lay,

To know your Heavenly *origin* ! to claim your *kindred
clay* !

See ! yonder flowery garden *sown*, fit semblance of the
tomb,

No passing stranger there can tell what seeds may spring
and bloom.

But they to whom the charge is given to watch our *sleeping
dust*,

Will they not know the *sacred spot* that holds their treasured
trust ?

Oh, happy day ! when we shall *greet* the *loved ones* we
revere,

Who only lived to breathe in life to gain a *soul-made
sphere*.

Yes, soon that blessed day will come, the brightest and the
best,

When each fond mother's infant child *will rise* and call her
blest,

And round the peaceful home will group, their loved ones,
parted long,

To tell how joyous they have been, 'rapt in seraphic
song !

Then TIME and DEATH, so fraught with pain remembered,
will endear

The sweets of Zion's paradise, without distracting fear ;
Sealed by the PRIESTHOOD's *saving power*, our offspring still
shall rise,

To gain *perfection's Godlike height !* the Saints' *immortal
prize.*

Then dry the burning tear of grief, exult with heartfelt joy !
To know that DEATH nor *Hell* can hurt, or yet their peace
destroy ;

And while affection's tendrils twine around the absent fair,
Look up to HEAVEN, *Run to obtain* ; you'll find your
treasure *there.*

“ IT'S A CAULD BARREN BLAST THAT BLAWS
NOBODY GOOD.”

When the winter winds roar like to ding down the lum *
And every fell blast threatens vengeance to come,
Till our biggins o' thack are left roofless an' bare,
And the owners half dead wi' the thoughts o' repair ;
Then the thatcher and tileman may thankfully craw,
While the wind plays old Harry among the old straw,
And tumbles the canes in its hurricane mood :—
“ It's a cauld barren blast that blaws nobody good.”

At the sign of the Bottle, and Three Golden Balls,
Near the Home of the drunkard—the old Prison walls !
There the pimply-faced publican, swelled like a tub,
Wi' a red partan † nose, that would blaze wi' a rub,
And his neighbour, the pawnbroker, live at their ease ;
On the last dregs o' wretchedness, want, and disease,
For them thousands go naked and perish for food—
“ It's a cauld barren blast that blaws nobody good.”

When the state grips the kirk wi' its cauld, icy claw,
And would force her to yield a' her rights to the law,

* Chimney.

† Lobster.

Should the honest but dare to resist the sad yoke,
They're ca'd rebels, and chased from their manses and
flock ;

Then the dunces and drones through their patrons' graces,
Exchange hand and glove for the best stipend places.

Now who could speak plainer, as speak truth they should,
“It's a cauld barren blast that blaws nobody good.”

When the storm-beaten barque, homeward bound wi' her
gain,

Is allured by the wrecker's light, far on the main,
Ah ! how gallant she rides o'er the wild mountain wave,
But to find, among breakers, a watery grave ;

While those cold-hearted demons, hell-fraught to the core,
Exult in the hope of their plunder on shore,
Yet, though blood-stain'd and crueller far than the flood ;
“It's a cauld barren blast that blaws nobody good.”

When oppression and want stalk the land far and wide,
And the prospect of famine rolls in like a tide,
Then let forestallers grin o'er their old, mouldy grain !
And the landowners pocket their ill-gotten gain ;
While the desolate poor cry aloud with starvation,
And fierce demagogues strive to rouse up the nation,
Then the hangman and halter, Paul Pry-like, intrude :
“Its a cauld barren blast that blaws nobody good.”

Let the chances o' fate turn the trump o' the day ;
Be it sunshine or murrain, grim want or decay ;
Yet there aye will be hope in our losses and fears ;
Then a fig for their lectures, their curses, and tears.
While there 's wind in the lift* let it tear up the thack ;
And drunkards to drink there will never be lack ;
Should Reformers bawl out till their een start wi' blood,
"There will aye be a blast to blaw somebody good."

THOUGHTS ON VISITING THE HOME OF MY FATHERS.

My dear native shades, when you rise in my view,
All the scenes of my youth spring afresh to my mind.
Time and nature have altered your aspect, 'tis true,
Yet still, the resemblance I can see in you,
Of these haunts dear to mem'ry, my youth left behind.

How oft have I wandered o'er yon distant hill,
With faithful old Tweed by my side ;
If I pointed the place where the ewes strayed at will,

* Firmament.

His sagacity led the command to fulfil,
And fawning, came back to my plaid.

The pretences of friendship in man I have found
To preponderate still to the rogue ;
But such true love and friendship, and feeling so kind,
In connexion with mortals, I seldom can find
So much love as I've found in my dog !

The well-known old bushes, where I used to play,
That stood near the end of the vale,
Are now by the water-course washed away,
And the mansion itself, fallen into decay,
And the dove-house nods low to the gale.

The clack of the mill, and the tick of the clock,
The birr of the wheel, and the cry of the deer,
And the sugh of the water-fall over the rock,
Are sounds that fond mem'ry can never unlock :
These youthful sounds never can die in my ear !

The lovely young features, and smirking black eye,
Of her I first lov'd, are no more to be seen ;
Yes, ye tall spreading oaks, ye alone heard the sigh
That innocence gave, though I knew not then why :
But now they are gone as though never they 'd been.

Yes, these youthful moments, alas ! they are fled ;
And my grandsire and father are gone ;
My mother and sisters are laid with the dead,
And there is not a stone for to mark out their head ;
Like myself, they're uncared for, unknown.

But yon red setting Sun gives a warning, I know
That darkness approaches at each parting ray ;
Then farewell for ever, far from you I go,—
But my heart it shall ever be nigh unto you,
Till the day of my pilgrimage passes away !

LINES INSCRIBED TO SISTERS MONTGOMERY
AND M'LEAN,
IN ANSWER TO THEIR LAMENTATIONS IN BABYLON.

Dear Sisters, though your dreary lot
A wilderness may seem ;
Still, life has hope and sunny hours :
May gladness on you beam !

Where'er I cast my wistful eyes,
O'er earth's remotest wild,
Look where I may, still whisperings say,
God loves the lonely child.

The flower reared in the desert waste,
Is strengthened to endure ;
It bows and blossoms 'neath the storm,
In virgin meekness, pure.

And though no balmy showers impart,
Nor dews refreshing bring,
Still, sweet the solitary flower
Blooms, like the vernal spring !

It cheers the pilgrim's care-worn mind
With Hope's reviving ray,
And points him to the better land—
The valley far away !

So, Sisters, like this desert flower,
May such sweet charms be given,
That you may throw a savour o'er
The messengers of Heaven.

TIME.

How swiftly time flies on apace,
The present moment, like a race,
Glides swift away ;
And ere unheeding mortals know
Its value as the moments flow—
Lo, yesterday !

These moments, though for ever flown,
We fondly think them still our own,
But ah, alas !

Time's unremitting course rolls on,
In haste *to be*, and to be *gone*
With that *which was*.

Ah ! fleeting shadow, passing breath,
Scarce uttered till thou'rt lost in death,
Nor hand can stay.
Yet, still the future, present, past,—
The same for ever, ever last
Without decay.

From age to age, from everlasting,
Frail mortals their accounts are casting—
Yet, still thou'l be
A thing beginning to begin !
Yet, seldom thought of, but in sin.
Eternity !

INQUIRY.

" And they sung a new song, saying, Thou art worthy to take the book, and to open the seals thereof, for thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us to God by thy blood, out of every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation, and hast made us unto our God, Kings and Priests, and we shall reign on the earth."—REV. v. 9, 10.

Tell me, ye twinkling STARS
That gild the azure sky,
If, in your distant rounds,
Some place of bliss you spy,
Some peaceful, happy home,
Where souls *for ever* rest ;
Or will they yet *return*
To *earth* when it is blest ?

The Stars all winked, as if unfond to tell,
Then whispering, said—" On Earth the saints shall dwell."

Tell me, thou glist'ning SEA,
Bright looking-glass of Heaven,
If earth shall e'er again
To happy Saints be given ?
Say, if, when wrecked on thee,
Thou wilt again restore

Their long-lost, sunken barks
That never came a-shore ?
The wild waves dashed along in merry strain,
And echoed back—"On Earth they'll meet again."

And thou, majestic SUN,
In glory dazzling, bright,
Say if that blessed home
Enjoyed by saints in light,
Be, like thy bright career,
One moonless, cloudless race,
All luminous and gay,
Beyond the bounds of space ?

Behind a cloud the Sun then hid his face,
And blushing, said—"The Earth's their resting place."

Come, spirit-stirring THOUGHT,
And faith that ever brings
The soul's celestial bliss,
Of all created things ;
Say, wouldst thou love to dwell
For ever here below,
Where all our loves, and fears,
And social friendships grow ?

Yes, yes ! the soul replies, in hope's exulting strain,—
"Though blest with God above, we'll reign on Earth again."

ELEGY—ON WEE HUGHIE,

A Pet Canary.

My bonnie wee Hugh was a canty bird,
Though now he lies cauld 'neath the silent yird ;
He whistled fu' blythely "the humours o' glen,"
And spake Wee Hughie as weel as some men.
He pick'd from my han' the piles o' hemp seed :
But he'll never speak mair, for Hughie is dead !

When the bairns were a' ranting wi' boist'rous noise,
Wee Hughie was aye at the top o' his voice.
But when learning his lesson, fu' doucely he
Would cock his bit head, and shut his a' e'e.
And he looked sae pleased wi' his sugared bread :
But he'll ne'er pick mair, for Hughie is dead !

Nae lounger was he when the morning light came,
Be't summer or winter, 'twas a' the same,
He would dight his neb on the bauke tapping thing,
Then straik down his breast, an' stretch out his wing,
Then ring up the house wi' whistling a screed :
But he'll ne'er wake us mair, for Hughie is dead !

ACROSTIC
ON JANE BROMLEY.

J ane ; if thou wouldst be free from sin,
A ttend to what your parents say ;
N eglect no precept ; strive to win
E ach of their loves from day to day.
B e slow to speak, and quick to learn ;
R egard the smallest passing thought ;
O n every subject still discern
M ore wisdom than the past has brought.
L et virtue be your constant aim ;
E vil eschew, nor fear, nor blame
Y our future life will ever shame.

ACROSTIC
ON AN INFANT DAUGHTER OF MRS. HOLBROOKE,
MANCHESTER.

S oft, little, tiny, loving thing,
A ffection o'er thy features fling
R edolent innocence and light,
A ll sparkling, speaking words that bring
H eaven's happiness to mortal sight.

H eaven's seraphs may be passing fair !
O n earth we only can compare
L ove with the lovely things we see,
B edeck'd with beauty's symmetry,
R eflecting innocence' mild sway
O 'er all that nature can display.
O n thee, dear child, we love to gaze,
K ind words to speak, and bless thy future days ;
E 'en Sarah's blessing be thy laureled bays.

ACROSTIC
ON LUCY MARTIN.

Loving sister, for thy kindness
Unto one who can't repay,
Count the debt a tie to bind us,
Years of friendship can't defray.
Mortal promises may perish,
And our present friendships fade ;
 REGARD for thee I'll ever cherish.
THANKS for favour's easy said,
I your brother, thanks expressing,
NOUGHT can give you, but his blessing.

IN REMEMBRANCE OF ROBERT F. CALDERWOOD,
A PARTICULAR FRIEND OF THE AUTHOR,

Who died on Monday, 25th August, 1845. Aged 21 years and 6 months.

Paraphrased from the lamentations of his Father after his decease.

Robert, my son, and art thou now
To the cold grave consigned ;
Methinks thy form I ever see
Still pictured in my mind :
Thine eyes still beam with lustre ; gaze
As they were wont, so meek,
Ere foul disease had dim'd their blaze,
Or blanched thy rosy cheek.

Thy voice still lingers on my ear,
As it was wont to do,
In melting tones of love sincere,
When I conversed with you ;
I pause to think that thou art gone ;
I doubt against my will ;
Thy shade before me liveth on !
Affection holds thee still.

Sleeping, or waking, all I view,
Or dream of, in the past,

Revives those scenes that, linked with you,
Were far too bright to last !
And still I feel thy presence near,
Yet, feel death's dread decree,
A something whisp'ring in my ear,—
Soon ! Soon ! I'll come to thee !

LINES TO ELDER G. B. WALLACE,

On his Departure for America, 1852.

If Scotland lost a hero brave,
In her great Wallace might,
How much alas ! should she now grieve
To lose a son of light.
Yes, WALLACE whom the Heavens gave,
The HERO of the Lake,
He left his friends and distant home
For Truth and Freedom's sake.
If valour bring an earthly fame
For deeds of feudal strife,
What glory will await his name,
Who brought eternal life !

EPISTLE TO — — LIVERPOOL.
—

Dear friend, accept, with gratitude,
My homely thanks for proffered good
In the forthcoming volume.
Your kind assistance timely lent
Will help me to appear in print
Correct in every column.
For sage remarks in sound or sense
Devoid of such inspection,—
Such literature is sheer pretence
That cannot bear inspection.
By rhyming and chyning,
A dunce may tempt the muse ;
But thought still, it ought still,
No aiding help refuse.

So, brother, with your better head,
I hope at least your help, instead
Of spectacles, to use ;
Whilst musing o'er my random rhyme
Sep'rate the trash from the sublime,
The gold from the refuse.
But oh, have mercy ; mind the claim
The best of rhymsters make ;

If Truth be in 't, oh spar 't, nor blame
The diction for its sake.

For diamonds still
Are valuable, though crusted with the sand ;
The Lapidar, the wheel will spare,
But polish 't with his hand.

Grammatically scan each line ;
The sing'lar verbs and nouns, define
What meaning they express ;
See that the future has a tense,
With proper words to point the sense,
No more, nor nothing less.

Although allowances are made
To clink the stanza's chyme,
Yet, should the sense stand in the shade,
'Tis suicide in rhyme.

To parse then's a farce then,
When words, the sense beguile ;
The meaning whilst gleaning,
Arrangements oft do spoil.

We live in days when every fool
His wit would rhyme without a rule,
And pleased in print would show it ;
When greater clowns than he would praise

His dogg'rel "chanting billy" lays,
And puff him as a poet ;
He has no thought, but how he'll clink
The words from others plundered,
Till ev'ry one who sees 't will think
'Tis plagiarism blundered.
Abusing, misusing
What others rhymed before,
Till rhymsters, like seamsters,
Are found in every door.

But such sly fraud I'd scorn to make
A stepping-stone in glory's wake,
While mounted on Pegasus.
Let honest fame be mine, or none,
And Truth my motto, Truth alone,
Inclining up Parnasus.
And should I e'er forget at times,
And others' works pervert,
I'll mark with commas all those rhymes
That wit would say "insert ;"
For stealing 's a failing
I ever did abhor,
Though sometimes in spinning rhymes
I've borrowed half a score.

Yet where's the man of common sense
Who's felt the inspiring influence,
 But knows Plagiar 's a bother ?
Sure votaries at the Muse's shrine—
I quote the torch of Truth divine—
 'Tis one light fires another.
Thus poetry, like streamlets glad,
 With flowing Truth 's allied,
'Tis when old thought to new we add
 That wisdom 's deified.
 Be kind then, and mind then
 This maxim of the Seers,
 That Truth told is never old,
 Though used six thousand years.

And now, my brother, to conclude
This sage epistle, as it should,
 In thanks for help expecting,
I will proceed as time permit,
 And send you each frail manuscript,
 For your designed correction.
For poets, like fond mothers, oft
 Think well of fondlings spoiled ;
In this I've proved my musings soft,
 Till time showed me beguiled.

But searching and scorching,
Your critic, prying eye,
Where failings prevail in,
Will composition try.

EPISTLE TO MISS J. BROMLEY.

My Sister Jane, if thou wouldest court the muse,
Be patient, gath'ring what the world refuse ;
Think on all subjects, turn them o'er and o'er,
Review all maxims ! passions all explore ;
And while you study, you will learn the more.
Then when you write, express your simple lays
Just as the image of the thought pourtrays.
'Tis to this source the charms of Truth we trace,
The ennobling pow'r of beauty, fancy, grace,
Or sterner thoughts of freedom's holy fire,
Of all that's lofty, worthy to admire,
Of virtue, vice, of goodness, or of wrong,
In sight, in sound, of narrative or song.
No matter where, the poet country claim ;

French, German, Jew, or Turk, 'tis all the same ;
Where'er the mind imbued with Truth imparts
The overflowings of commingling hearts,
There is the fount, from thence emotions flow
Of all they knew, or we can ever know.
'Twas these emotions big with living Truth, aye
Gave words of wisdom to our Laureate Sonthey ;
Which struck the lyre in words that fame returns
To Homer, Milton, Shakespere, Scott, or Burns.
By her we paint the humblest flow'ry mead,
Or tell the hope that lights the dullest head !
Built on no learning colleges can give ;
Bound by no critic form of law to live ;
Her running fountain is the human heart ;
Her wide domain, the universe ; no part,
Or passion, country, her horizon claim ;
She lives with all, and thinks and feels the same !
Her heritage, the dower of thoughtful man ;
Her task-work, vast infinitude to scan.
The true, the good, the beautiful and grand,
Alike fall prostrate 'neath her magic wand.
Then, my dear Sister, this great axiom learn,
That to be great, we must all things discern ;
And when you've learned that knowledge to indite,
The world will know you can both think and write,
And when your lustre-light is seen to burn,

Some other minds will light their torch in turn,
And light and Truth to other times record,
Till Bromley's name becomes a household word.

EPISTLE INSCRIBED TO J. M'LAWS,
G. S. L. CITY.

Dear Brother, while the Clergy rage
At Mormon's wild, romantic page,
And wonder why this learned age
Should hearken to such folly ;
I know that thou canst judge between
The good and bad of what has been,
With knowledge and discernment keen,
Though curst by men so holy.

Away with such sectarian themes ;
Pore o'er the *Golden Book of Dreams* ;
There, living Truths, like hidden streams,
In pureness still meander.
Hid up from man's unhallowed greed,

No commentator's sense we need !
But learn its precepts as we read,
Nor to logicians pander.

By its unsullied pages trace
The sons of Ephraim's long-lost race
'Mong lonely wilds, where woodlands grace
Their ancient, mould'ring grandeur.
Anon their gorgeous temples rise ;
Their sculptured towers and halls surprise ;
Their palaced richness far outvies
The Goth's masonic splendour.

But sweeter for the bliss it brings,
Of purer hopes, and holier things,
Revealed from Heaven on angel's wings,
To glean the world for burning !
The Priesthood and its blessings yield,
A twofold treasure long concealed ;
Now *Truth* and *Righteousness revealed*,
Bring joy to thousands mourning.

There, worlds on worlds expand our view ;
It tells how God creates anew ;
How *order* out of *chaos* grew,
By *Truth* from God descending ;

How spirits had a prior state,
Received a body to grow great
In power to wield the helm of fate
Through glory never ending.

How substitution's influence shed
A blessing to the captive dead,
When by the Gospel Truth forth led,
Rejoicing in perfection ;
How they without us could not rise,
Nor we be perfect in God's eyes,
Without their knowledge to devise
Our offspring's resurrection.

And then the day of wrath foretold,
When melting heat and piercing cold,
Combined with famine, will unfold
The day of God stupendous ;
When earth shall like a drunkard reel,
And planets from their orbits wheel,
And seas to clotted blood congeal
In stench and death tremendous.

But happy, happy, then, 'twill be
A joyful time for you and me ;
That e'er our eyes were blest to see,

The simple written story ;
That e'er we heard of Joseph's name,
Embraced the Truth, and shared the shame,
To gain a deathless, Godlike fame,
A never-ending glory.

EPISTLE—INSCRIBED TO S. R.

Dear sister, though few days have past
Since you and I have met,
I feel our friendship still will last
When Time's last sun is set.

For oh ! what can that love destroy
Which dwelt with us of yore,
When in our Father's blest employ
We His bright image bore.

And now, made one by Truth on earth,
We feel the kindling flame
Which gave our spirits former birth,
A parentage, and name ;

And will in after worlds resume
A higher glory far,
Where Kings and Priests immortal bloom,
And God's dominions are.

Yes ! then we'll see our Father's face,
As formerly we've seen,
And feel a mother's fond embrace,
And know what we have been ;

And how our elder brother was
The first-begotten Son,
And kept his Father's Heavenly laws,
And life eternal won !

And how that love which fired his breast,
Shall us inspire the same ;
That we like him may gain that rest,
Through whom we have a claim ;

That all our kindred spirits may
Return again to God,
Through substitution's thorny way,
Who kept their first abode.

Then let us keep by firm resolve,
The cov'nant we have made ;
Nor let temptation ere dissolve
What God in Truth hath said.

Yes, sister, if you steadfast prove,
And be as you have been,
You'll wear a crown in Heaven above,
And reign on earth a queen !

EPISTLE TO ELDER JOHN JAQUES.

Kind friend, your letter duly sent,
Though long past date, does now present
A claim upon my muse.
I've tried to answer 't several times,
Yet, when I've tried my jilting rhymes,
Her aid would still refuse ;
But now, her kind, congenial glow,
In words comes rushing like a flow
Of springtide o'er my soul !
I feel my thoughts, that silent burn
In homely breathings, would return
An answer to your scroll.

Like echoes from deep, rocky cells !
Your voice reverberating tells
The *Harps* intended claim :
Not that its worth for new coined thought
Has any sparkling ideas brought,
To give it such a name !
But, that the gift for generous good
Is worthy of itself, and should
Be honoured for its aim.

While brighter wreaths may deck the brow
Of those who greater talent show,
Be mine a HOWARD'S FAME.

Let Shakspeare's, Scott's, and Byron's lays
Crown these immortals with the bays

Of fame, for all they've shown ;
But, as for me, no boon I'll seek,
Greater than toil among the meek :

There let my seed be sown !
That when this passing scene is gone,
And its false literature unknown,
My harvest crop may rise,
In after worlds, where *worth* shall be
The glory of eternity,
Among the good and wise.

Philanthropy ! inspiring word !
First taught by our redeeming Lord,
Through messengers from Heaven,
To raise the downcast, and inspire
With nobler aims and holier fire,
The destitute and driven ;
To help the helpless, and secure
Asylums for the meek and poor,
May all my efforts tend ;

And when I've done my best to save,
May this be written on my grave :—
“ Here lies the poor man's friend.”

My Harp I've strung from year to year,
At times in joy, at times in fear,
 Of Zion's weal and woe ;
I've felt her sorrows wring my heart
With feelings words could ne'er impart,
 Which none but Saints could know.
And now my musings I'll resign,
Praying the Lord that gift be thine
 To tune my broken lyre ;
That Zion's rising glory may
Through you a greater power display
 Of Truth's undying fire.

Sonnets.

SCEPTICISM.

" Son of man, set thy face against mount Seir, and prophesy against it, and say, I will lay thy cities waste, and thou shalt be desolate."—
EZK. XXXV.

Go search, and say, ye sceptics who find fault,
Why lands, once fertile, are now ruins wild ?
Lo ! Sodom's Dead Sea's sulphurous asphalt,
Bab'lon's marshy fens and tumuli piled,
And Petra's rocky tenements forlorn ;
The wandering tribes of Esau's cursed race,
And Jacob's sons without a resting place—
Of all their cities, commerce, glory, shorn !
Say, why thus cursed, scatter'd, and o'erthrown ?
Go to the Sacred Page—there learn their doom,
Their sin's disgrace, their tears could not atone,
Till the "refreshing" rouse the dormant tomb :
Say, sceptic, say, are monuments like these
The conjurations of the mind's disease ?

LAST DAYS

SIGNS OF THE LAST DAYS.

" And there shall be signs in the sun, and in the moon, and in the stars, and upon the earth, distress of nations, with perplexity, the sea and the waves roaring; men's hearts failing them for fear."—LUKE xxi. 25, 26.

Go ask, ye sages of the latter day,
Why do the herds now perish from the stall ?
And why grim pest'lence stalks in dread array,
And tens of thousands 'neath its influence fall ?
Say, why the seed now rots beneath the clod !
And meagre famine tracks the putrid sod ?
Or why the haughty folk in langour dread
The cry of millions famishing for bread ?
Or why alarmed at war's blood-thirsty ire,
Earthquakes, mock-suns, and rainbows during night,
With all the dreadful ravages of fire,
Nameless opposing creeds, and priestly might ?
Say, are not these forebodings of that gloom
Long since foretold, would be this world's doom ?

CHOLERA.

What wailing 's this I hear, at home, abroad ?
A strange foreboding of calamity,
Which all men dread, and few can understand :
At which the vulgar stare, and more profane
Would love to jest it out of countenance.
Yet, still it comes with stealthy, murd'rous step ;
The grave and gay, alike before it fall ;
The learned seem baffled at its dark approach,
And, as an antidote, propose what might
Have been a sure preventative to some,
If timely given ! But common charity
Must see its haggard victim breed disease ;
And when its influence spreads, retire afraid
At what their sins have made ! and say 'tis DEATH !

LUST. *LUST*

Lust is the offspring of a thousand sighs,
Intrigue, deception, and as many lies ;
A strange compound of hidden, plotting ill,
To fire with rage, to torture, or to kill ;
Fraught with distrust, anxiety, and care,

Jealousy, revenge, and unconsoled despair :
The softest passion of a menial's heart,
'That ebbs and flows, as impulse plays its part ;
At times o'ercome with feelings proud and mean,
That lurk in secret, yet are ever seen
In looks, and gestures, thoughts, and strong desire,
That live, and burn unquenched ; undying fire,
That e'en in death, with all life's powers destroyed,
Still longs, and lusts, yet never is enjoyed.

IN MEMORY OF ELDER JAMES YOUNG.

Behind the veil another brother 's gone,
To wait the mandates of a brighter sphere—
Whose virtues with such Heavenly lustre shone,
That e'en the bigot stern, could but revere !
And weeping friends regret his absence here.
True to his trust ! though scoffers dared to mock,
He proved a loving husband ! parent kind !
A faithful watchman o'er his little flock,
He led and taught them with a master mind ;
No prideful feelings e'er by him designed

Passed with contempt the supplicating poor ;
He gave ! and gained what wealth could not secure.
Thrice happy saint ! may we like thee still prize
To live the best—the sordid, poorest dies !

SUSPICION.

Suspicion ! “ Green-eyed Monster,” how I dread
The glare of thy low, sneaking, hell-hatched glance.
Thy slimy movements track thy path—thy tread :
Thou car’st not much for character ; thy chance
Is how to kill ! and that by treach’rous stealth !
Devoid of praise, or e’en for proffered wealth.
Half words and winks insinuate thy guile
'Gainst others' virtue, and their dear-earned fame ;
That *self* may ride triumphantly the while,
Rough-shod o'er greatness, for a selfish aim !
Hell-born incubus ! Damn'd assassin sprite,
Hence—seek thy dwelling in chaotic night !
Give me the faith, increasing still in love,
To think no evil, but all good approve.

FAITH.

"Tis consolation sweet, and strength'ning to
The Saint, when sickness mars the bliss of life,
To have the healing ordinance applied ;
To send for the Elders of the Church, and
Have the holy, consecrated oil poured
On the sickly frame, and hands devoutly
Laid upon the head, in fervent prayer.
Faith ministers to Faith, and blessings come ;
The Priesthood seals, rebukes, and brings on earth
A foretaste of that power, unknown before
The Gospel and its blessings were revealed—
E'en health, intelligence, and sin forgiven.
Ah ! who so void of sense, as to despise
What God commands, and sinful creatures need ?

INDEPENDENCE.

If to be independent, means a proud,
Unruly spirit, self-will'd and boasting !
Or filled with spleen to see another's good,
Coveting the fortune, fame, or power,
Which others, by industry have attained ;

Then let such freedom perish. For my part,
I'd rather be a very slave, and rattle in
My chains, than live to be a thing so mean,
So jarring to the common good of man !
But, if to live above the grov'ling things
Of hatred, envy, and distrust, which *rule*
The rabid feelings of the rabble crowd ;
Then shall we know such independent men
Are those whom all may well depend upon.

OBEDIENCE.

Obedience is the common lot of all !
No being is exempt, not even Christ
Our Lord. Down through all grades, above,
Below ; amongst all worlds, cherubim,
And seraphim, and angels round the throne,
Stand in their place, and give obedience,
Through delegated power, to those above
Them, each subservient to the other's word,
Until they reach the great Elohim.

And he, who in this low probationary
State learns not obedience through the things he
Suffers, will have to pay the penalty
Of his neglect, and have again to come
Through other spheres to do his Father's will.

REGRET.

INSCRIBED TO ELDER J. D. ROSS.

'Tis hard to say farewell when fond hearts part !
To burst asunder ties that bind affection
Firm as death, and sacred as the grave ;—
Yet, life, as if 't were made for trial,
Bears upon its bosom a corroding film,
That, like dark Lethe's current, withers
All the flowers that spring along its winding
Shade ! and strews the pleasant walks of life
With fallen banks and broken soil to greet
The hopeful eye. So friendship, love, and life,
Bloom with the verdure of eternal spring !
But ah ! to-morrow comes, and with it comes
The unexpected *change* of circumstance,
The parting sigh, the tear, the fond farewell.

REVERSES.

Who that have felt the parting tear of grief,
To meet again in hope will find relief ;
Who that have lived and lingered long in death,
Will find extatic joy in endless life,
Where no disease will taint immortal breath ;
Where sires and sons united, man and wife,
Shall greet each other ne'er to part again.
How bright the sunshine for a night of woe ;
How great the pleasure for an hour of pain ;
How sweet the peace where safety dreads no foe ;
Death swallowed up in life, and sin unknown ;
All cares and fears, distrust and treach'ry, flown :
Ah ! who would murmur, crosses to endure,
If these will sweeten after-life secure.

MAN-MADE RELIGION.

"Tis strange to see how multiform dissents
Distract the social feelings, and prevent
The universal good of all mankind,
Where no real Truth inspires the human mind.

Why should religion, if 'twere Truth, divert
From love and friendship to debate and strife,
And chain the mind, and petrify the heart,
And be a curse, instead the bliss of life ?
Why is it fraught with sighs, and sobs, and tears,
Distrust, hypocrisy, and selfish greed ;
A life of doubt, a world of future fears,
A thing not of the heart, but of the head ?
The reason 's obvious, when its fault we scan—
What God ne'er gave, must be the craft of man.

SLEEP OF DEATH.

Who that has felt the charm of balmy sleep
Steal softly o'er the weary, worn-out frame,
Has felt in part what Saints departing feel—
Calmly resigned, his work on earth now done,
The virtuous patient lays him meekly down
In peace serene, nor feels the guilty qualms
The wicked in their dissolution dread ;
His eyes and ears, though shut to mortal view,

Have mental sight, and as his spirit leaves
Its clay-clogged tenement to join the blest,
He sighs farewell to friends and loved ones dear,
With the last motion of a bursting heart ;
And as the sun declines, so doth he shed
A radiance o'er the gloomy pall of death.

EPITAPH IN MEMORY OF ELDER J. H. FLANIGAN,
PRESIDENT OF BIRMINGHAM CONFERENCE,

Who departed this life Jan. 29th, 1851.

Our brother died in life's meridian hour,
A prey to small-pox in a foreign clime.
We felt his loss, yet o'er his ashes pour
No dirge lament, nor melancholy chime !
He left for Heaven, to reap the fruit of time.
Yes, we shall see him, though from us he 's borne,
With many more who laboured to upbuild
And gather up the good, who now are sealed
To rise in the First Resurrection's morn !
If such his blessings, O ! with what regard
Should Saints esteem the pure in heart's reward
Who lived for glory, and eternal fame,
And gain like him an Everlasting name.

SLAUGHTERING.

"Tis strangely odd, to think of some men's choice
In trades ; for instance, slaughtering !
How stern the butcher's heart ; oh ! how devoid
Of sympathy. The knife is drawn, and in
A second finds its way to the warm heart
Of the defenceless lamb. He looks well pleased
To think his work is done, that murderous work
Of slaying, shedding blood of innocence :
While the uplifted eye, now glazed in death,
Looks with a suppliant's gaze, as if 't would say,
" Ah ! cruel man, what have I done to thee,
Is it to live thou takest life away ?
There was a time when nature would recoil
At such a deed, thy purer hands to soil !"

ON THE PORTRAIT OF ELDER G. P. DYKES.

If there's ought in the bland expressive face,
That could give the form of an Angel's grace,
And inspire the pencil with truthful lines
Of the mind serene ! where intelligence shines !

'Tis that noble portrait of brother Dykes !
Where something's portray'd which ev'ry one likes ;
So towering the forehead ! so keen the bright eye
Where meekness and diffidence each other vie,
And mildness, and mercy, are blended so fair,
While the flash of their eloquence bids you beware.
If Phrenology's true, when its bumps are defined,
And the face in its form, be an index of mind
Then let the outlines of this portrait declare
What Piercy, so life-like, delineates there !

POVERTY AND DEBT.

O debt ! thou dreadful, terrifying thing,
Companion of old age and poverty,
Methinks, accusing, thou dost sternly bring
The ghosts of craving creditors to me ;
Disdain still lurking in their eyes I see,
And taunting jeers, and words that pierce me through :
Rags, and infirmity, and age combined,

Are ills, the noble spirit can subdue !
But, to be thought dishonest is unkind,
When struggling virtue strives with all her might—
Yet cannot give extortion all her due—
Till prison walls, and bars,—ah ! hateful sight—
Must satisfy proud avarice in gross,
Through dire revenge, by making loss on loss.

A SATIRE ON AVARICE.

O ye who tremble at expense, and fear
The outlay of your money for the Church !
I'd have you ever this in mind to bear,
If you'd be saving, nor be left in lurch,
Tie up your purse strings with a double knot,
Button each pocket, poverty cry out,
Till all believe you're not worth half a groat,
And all you have is snugly up the spout.
Then you are safe ! nor need to fear a frown
From any one, no matter what folk say,—
The Lord has said it and he will defray.
Your bread *upon the waters you have thrown*,
And will most surely find it after *many days*,
The measure meted He again repays.

Songs.

STRIKE THE LYRE.

Come holy fire, with faith inspire
The 'rapt angelic strain,
To sing in praise of latter-days,
To strike the lyre again, again ;
So strike the lyre again.

Life's trials soon will have their noon ;
Its night, the coming morn ;
Then patient love will all things prove,
The opposites we've borne.
Why should the Saint in trials faint,
Though pressed with grief and pain,
When he believes, seeks, and receives ?
So strike the lyre again, again,
So strike the lyre again.

Poor outcasts we, still forced to flee,
By mad sectarians driven,
Condemned, despised, robbed, and reviled,
Without an insult given.

For many years we've sown in tears,
Yet, dauntless we'll remain !
With Ephraim blest, we soon shall rest ;
So strike the lyre again, again,
So strike the lyre again.

Blest Gospel sound, the world around
Thy saving Truth shall know :
Till ev'ry clime the word sublime
Shall hear for weal or woe !
And when received, or disbelieved,
Their choice shall then remain,
Truth shall be free—Eternally !
So, strike the lyre again, again,
So strike the lyre again.

I'M A SAINT, I'M A SAINT.

I'm a Saint, I'm a Saint, on the rough world wide,
The earth is my home, and my God is my guide !
Up, up with the Truth, let its power bend the knee :
I am sent, I am sent, and salvation is free.
I fear not old priestcraft ; its dogmas can't awe :
I've a chart for to steer by that tells me the law,—
And ne'er as a coward to falsehood I'll kneel,
While Mormon tells Truth, or God's prophets reveal !
Up, up with the Truth, let its power touch the mind,
And I'll warrant we'll soon leave the selfish behind.
Up, up with the Truth, let its power bend the knee,—
I am sent ! I am sent ! dying Bab'lon to thee,
I am sent ! I am sent ! take this warning and flee.

The arm of the tyrant, fell terror may spread,
Yet, though they oppose us, their strongholds we'll tread.
What to us is the *scorn* of the *selfish* and *vain* ?
We have *borne* it *before*, and we'll *bear* it *again*.
The fire-gleaming bolts of oppression may fall,
And kill off the body—death can't us appal !
With Heaven above us, and all Hell mad below,
Through the wide *field of error*, *right onward we go*.

Come on my brave comrades, now's the time you should speak :

The storm-fiend is roused from his long, dreamy sleep.
Our watchword for safety in Zion shall be,
I am sent ! I am sent ! dying Bab'l'on to thee,—
I am sent ! I am sent ! take this warning and flee.

SONG OF ZION.

TUNE,—“*The old house at home.*”

Let them talk of this earth as a desert who will,
Yet, there 's freshness and blossom in parts of it still ;
Though its green spots are seared, and its sweets turned to gall,

Yet, there 's still on its surface a good place for all.

Far away from vain strife
There's a land in the West,
Where our friends live the best,
'Tis the VALLEY of LIFE !

Then why should the tear-drop of care dim the eye,
When the day-star of hope points the place where to fly !

While the Ensign is raised, and Truth's messengers call,
Let us off to the Valley, there 's room in 't for all.

Far away, &c.

Let them look on this life as the last lot of man,
Who've no wish to improve all the good in 't they can !
Sure the blessings of Ephraim in fulness recall
That abundance of *wealth 's promised* Joseph for all.

Far away, &c.

Then let owls seek their holes who despise the bright day,
While "Like doves to our windows" we'll hasten away,
Sure there 's nothing in Bab'lon but mis'ry and thrall,
Then away to the West, for there 's room in 't for all !

Far away, &c.

THE MOUNTAIN DELL.

Away, away, to the mountain dell,
The valley of the free ;
Where Faith has broke the tyrant's yoke
That bound fair liberty.

We'll plough, and sow, and joyful reap,
The land our God has given ;
To bless our friends, to bless our foes,
And make our home—a Heaven.
Away, away, &c.

No famished children there shall pine,
Nor frantic mother wild,
Ere seek to *take that life away*
She gave her infant child !
Away, away, &c.

We'll soothe and calm the widow's heart,
And dry the *orphan's tear* !
Till their bright mirthful eyes impart,
A joy devoid of fear !
Away, away, &c.

We'll nurse the bloom of maiden love,
In chastity when young :
There *faithless boast* shall never prove
A *jest* for ribald tongue.
Away, away, &c.

Where red men trail the buff'lo's track,
O'er mountains' desert sand—
We'll tell them of their fathers' acts,
Who once possessed the land.
Away, away, &c.

Blest with the Priesthood from above,
Where Truth on earth shall flow ;
Till every land, and every clime,
Beneath its mandates bow !
Away, away, &c.

Then while this hour of vengeance lower,
And sinners find no rest—
Then hie ye home, ye Saints who roam,
Your hope is in the West !
Away, away, &c.

'TIS FOR THE BEST,

INSCRIBED TO P. LYNCH.

Should fortune raise me to possess
Friends, favour, and renown ;
And adulation's fond caress
Exalt me to a crown,
A monarch's sway, a poet's fame,
All else the world term blest ;
And then to lose it all again,
I'd say, 'twas for the best !

To have a kind endearing wife,
And children, kind and true,
And all the good they do require
In life, to bring them through ;
And friends, on whom I'd trust my all,
Whose kindness past, gave test ;
And they to turn their backs again,
I'd say, 'twas for the best !

And should the fate of Heaven decree
That I should be betrayed,
And all my hopes in life prove false,
And friends my name degrade ;

Oh ! though this would undo my soul,
And all life's hopes divest ;
Yet, dying, I would pray for them,
And say, 'twas for the best !

But what is love, but Truth on earth,
Though mixed with grief and woe,
That we may gain a purer birth,
Where joys celestial flow.
Experience, though a painful school
To learn high Heaven's behest,
Is yet to sage or silly clown,
A teacher still the best.

Kind Providence in all her ways
Seems strange to erring man,
And present ills have oft been made
Salvation's future plan.
Like Job of old, our friends may turn
From comforters—a pest ;
Possessions, fortune, fame, take wings,
Yet find it all the best.

The adverse fate of all we know
Though painful to endure,
Will in the end increase our store

Of knowledge, and secure
Our future weal. Though present hope
Seem in the grave to rest,
Yet we shall rise in future worlds,
To say, 'twas all the best!

TRY IT AGAIN.

INSCRIBED TO ELDER C. H. WHEELOCK.

Should the changes in life, like the tide's ebb and flow,
Be ceaseless and varied in form,
And the frail bark of life in a moment forego
Its reck'ning amidst the dark storm ;
Stand firm to the helm, and close furl each white sail,
While the tempest sweeps over the main ;
There is hope in the wind, though destructive the gale ;
'Twill calm, and we'll try it again, again !
'Twill calm, and we'll try it again !

There ne'er was a valley but hill-tops appear—
Nor a storm that 's not spent to a calm ;
Nor a pain without pleasure, a hope without fear,

Nor a wound but has always a balm !
When the clouds of adversity gather around,
And our friends turn their backs in disdain,
Though the world should conspire all our hopes to confound,
Let us up and go try it again, again !
Let us up and go try it again !

The fears of sad parting, the pangs of regret,
The sighs of fond hope, or dull care,
Are feelings implanted to make us respect
The death-sting of hopeless despair !
Yes, the tear-drop of sorrow may darken the eye,
Like the sunbeams obscured by the rain,
But the clouds will disperse over hope's gloomy sky,
And cheer up our prospects again, again !
And cheer up our prospects again !

Then why should we shrink, though the chances of fate,
Are mingled in life's bitter cup !
'Tis a mixture designed by kind Heaven to elate,
And strengthen us ne'er to give up.
Then come weal, or come woe, let whatever betide,
Let us run, for the prize we'll obtain ;
Though the race may be lost by the swiftest who ride,
Let us up and go try it again, again !
Let us up and go try it again !

CONTENTMENT.

INSCRIBED TO MRS. HODGETTS, WORCESTER.

The rich that lie on beds o' down,
 Have something still to mar their rest ;
And even he who wears a crown,
 With happiness is seldom blest !
But I'm determined gowd or gear
 Shall ne'er disturb the peace I hae,
When poortith frowns, 'tis cauld-rife cheer
 To hanker on life's thorny way.

Contented, I would envy not
 What fortune has denied me here ;
But seek within my humble cot,
 Joys that to virtue aye are dear,
And blest wi' health and strength o' nerve,
 To warse wi' the storms o' fate,
I'll seek the power whilk can preserve
 My present hopes and future state !

My wife an' I have made a rule,
 To lend to each a helping han',
And I'm determined no to snoul !
 And she's as settled no to bann !

She has her faults 'tis very true—
They're unco' fair without a flaw—
And I have faults myself, enow
To balance ill between us twa.

If aught below give cause for grief
To ruffle life's fantastic dream,
Its sunshine and its clouds are brief,
At best a momentary gleam.
Afflictions oft we make oursel',
And mony wants we do create,
And they who make them weel can tell,
The bitterness of folly's weight.

Let wrinkled care, wi' fractious e'e !
Despond o'er all the ills o' life,
I'll seek for joys mair worth to me—
The peace and weal o' bairns and wife.
Gee kings and lords the helm o' state,
And ancient barons, pedigree ;
But none of them are half so great
As I when Jenny smiles on me.

AULD MRS. BEARD.
—

There's auld Mrs. Beard who lives at Shrubhill,
I've lived wi' her lang, and had her good will,
Yet she never grew tired, nor lost her regard ;
A kind-hearted Saint was auld Mrs. Beard !

CHORUS—

Auld Mrs. Beard, auld Mrs. Beard,
May thy fortune be great, and thy life be long spared,
Till thy children's children, thou seest them all paired
To raise up a kingdom for Mrs. Beard.

Sometimes she was cruse, sometimes she was shy,
Sometimes she was douce, sometimes she was dry ;
But her faults were a' virtues, with others compared,
For a thrifty guid wife was auld Mrs. Beard.

Auld Mrs. Beard &c.

When the Elders came roun', none more friendly could be ;
She lodged them, and fed them, and welcomed them free ;
In health or in sickness, her fortune she shared !
Nor told it to others, did auld Mrs. Beard.

Auld Mrs. Beard, &c.

O had I the power to reward her past toil,
I'd make her my lady, tho' lord o' an isle ;
But my proffers are vain, wi' a guid wife I'm saired,
To speak sic-like nonsense to auld Mrs. Beard.

Auld Mrs. Beard, &c.

BE IN TIME.

Ye people all give ear, be in time, be in time ;
Ye people all give ear, be in time ;
A prophet of the Lord has revealed His ancient word ;
Come now your names record, be in time, be in time.
Come now your names record, &c.

Repent and be baptized, be in time, be in time ;
Repent and be baptized, be in time ;
From Truth you've been enticed, and the Saints you have
despised ;
Return, you 're ill-advised ! be in time, be in time ;
Return ! you 're ill-advised, &c.

Ye pious people hear, be in time, be in time ;
Ye pious people hear, be in time ;
To Truth yourselves betake, false tradition all forsake ;
God's judgment 's in the wake, be in time, be in time.
God's judgment 's in the wake, &c.

Should you this work delay, you 're undone, you 're undone ;
Sould you this work delay, you 're undone,
Should you this work betray, and scorn what prophets say
In this the latter-day, you 're undone, you 're undone ;
In this the latter-day, &c.

God's servants may be left, when you 'd come, when you 'd
come ;
God's servants may be left, when you 'd come ;
Oh ! then you'll weep full sore, and run from shore to shore,
And never find them more, when you 'd come, when you 'd
come,
And never find them, &c.

Now the Gospel train 's at hand, be in time, be in time ;
Now the Gospel train 's at hand, be in time ;
Crowds at the station stand, with passports in their hand,
To start for Zion's land, be in time, be in time
To start for Zion's land, &c.

MORMON TRIUMPH.

To God we'll give the glory,
And to His prophets cling,
Though sceptics scout the story,
We'll laugh, and merrily sing
Ha, ha !

Though fiends have killed our Prophet,
And scattered thrice the Saints,
And holy men still scoff it,
A "Mormon's" heart ne'er faints !
Ha, ha !

Priestcraft begins to tremble,
Where'er the Truth does spread ;
While hypocrites dissemble,
We'll sing what they all dread !
Ha, ha !

Behold ! how people gather !
God's Kingdom to upraise,
And spread the news still farther,
While tyrants on it gaze !
Ha, ha !

The meek will now inherit,
What vile men would retain ;
But none shall greatness merit,
Who know not how to reign !
Ha, ha !

There parents love their children,
And children all obey !
While Bab'lon's sons bewild'ring,
Shall go still more astray.
Ha, ha !

But we will preach them sermons,
And show them right from wrong,
For none know Truth but "Mormons,"
Although our word seems strong !
Ha, ha !

And if they will but hear us,
They'll find they've not been shamed ;
And those who dare to sneer us
Will find themselves condemned.
Ha, ha !

PILGRIM SAINT'S SONG.

My hope is in Jesus, who soon shall appear ;
Then fret not my soul, for his coming is near ;
The hour of his judgment already is come,
And the faithful to Zion are gathering home !

Ah ! who would rejoice in a land such as this,
Where the needy are taught that oppression is bliss ?
Where the hypocrite fawns to the rich, in deceit,
And the poor lick the dust from the soles of their feet ;

Where avarice reigns, and where Mammon 's adored ;
Where wealth has no sympathy, heart-broke implored ;
Where priests in sheep's-clothing, such grandeur revere,
And pass the lone poor as if pest'lence were near.

Though thorny the path be, through sin's gloomy curse,
And all the black crimes that pale penury may nurse !
Yet, they'll vanish like dew in the sun of our rest,
When the slave shall be free from the hand that oppressed.

Lo ! Truth has sprung out of the earth, and from Heaven
An Angel has come with the Gospel, and given

Those records of Truth, long, long hid in the earth,
Which restore in its fulness the Heavenly birth.

The scoffer may sneer, and the bigot may frown,
But God's Truth shall flourish, the more it 's put down,
Till the earth be restored, as in Eden of yore,
And the beauty of holiness bloom evermore.

Then I'll hie me away where my good brethren be,
To the land of the Seer, to the home of the free ;
Where we will have knowledge and faith to rely on,
The pure word of God, in the City of Zion.

TO MY WIFE.
—

If I but dare to think
 Of all that's past of thee,
A strange mysterious link
 Enshrouds my destiny !

And if one lonely gleam
 Of dark forgetful sleep
Steals o'er me, then I dream
 Of thee in visions deep.

When travelling far alone,
 Among my friends or foes,
Thy former smile and tone,
 Remembered, soothe my woes.

If I but hear a song
 Of Zion's Heaven-born love,
Thy voice amid the throng,
 Seems seraph-like above.

If I attempt to muse,
 Or study holy books,
The words I read infuse
 Each page with thy fond looks.

Yes ! roam where'er I may,
In solitude, or throng,
Thy spirit's presence says
When shall we meet ? how long ?

Shall Gentile bonds divide
Our kindred spirits' joy ?
Shall distance, time, or tide,
Our Heaven-born love annoy ?

No, never shall they part
What God has purely joined !
The fond celestial heart
No power on earth can bind !

Then still hold fast the Truth,
Keep pure to Heaven's decree,
And thou shalt find, forsooth,
A husband still in me.

SING ME THE SONG.

I'll sing thee of lands where no tyrant's power
Shall sever the claims of a people's right ;
Where Saints shall dwell in their peaceful bower,
Far away from the stern oppressor's might.
Then hear ye the song that the Saints revere
Of lands more fair and bright than this,
Where the mother's eye ne'er sheds a tear.
Sing on, sing on, for such lands are bliss !
Sing on, sing on, &c.

O ! who would not give all their earthly gain
To gather away to the land of light,
Where the Priesthood of God the right retain
To break the shafts of oppression's might !
Then sing me the song of the slave made free
Where the mountain tops the clouds do kiss !
Where the maiden's heart ne'er sad shall be.
Sing on, sing on, for rich lands like this !
Sing on, sing on, &c.

But where shall we find this fairy vale
Where the naked are clothed and the hungry fed,
Where the ear is not stunned with sorrow's wail,

Nor the sound of pollution's voice is heard ?
Then hear ye the song, for the time is come,
To know where the pure in peace shall rest :
That land is the freeman's mountain home !
Sing on, sing on, for Deseret 's blest.
Sing on, sing on, &c.

A WISH.

INSCRIBED TO ELDER C. H. WHEELOCK.

Where the voice of friendship 's heard
Sounding like a sweet-toned bird ;
Where the holy notes inspire
With devotion's pure desire ;
Where fond actions speak the soul ;
Where true love finds no controul ;
Where the sons of God agree :—
There may all the faithful be.

Where the weary find a home ;
Where the wild deer fearless roam ;
Where the mellow fruit tree grows ;
Where the golden harvest flows ;

Where the bee, the grape, and kine,
Yield their honey, milk, and wine ;
Where the curse from earth shall flee :—
There may all the faithful be.

Where the Temple-block is laid ;
Where no foe shall e'er invade ;
Where the Priesthood's power shall claim
All that Heaven and earth can name ;
Where the judge by justice rules ;
Where the couns'llors are not fools ;
Where the poor shall judgment see :—
There may all the faithful be.

Where the dew-distilling hills
Drop their fatness in the rills ;
Where the river, lake, and stream,
With their finny myriads teem ;
Where the shade trees round the fold,
Shield from heat and winter's cold ;
Where all nature sings with glee :—
There may all the faithful be.

OH GIVE ME THAT LAND.

TUNE—"The Ivy Green."

INSCRIBED TO ELDER T. B. H. STENHOUSE,

President of the Swiss Mission.

In a beautiful vale ! a lovely vale !
Where the bright sun sinks to rest,
I'll seek my home. Where the buff'lo roam,
And friends live, I love the best ;
Where lost in their course the Indians rove,
I'll seek for that land, of all I love !

The merry dance and the pibroch's sound,
From my native hills are fled ;
And the joys of freedom are not found
For which their warriors bled !
No more the villagers joyful prove
Their Highland home is a place of love.

Let them talk of their feuds, and chieftains graved
In their steel-clad armour bright !
Their clans, and claymores, and banners that waved
O'er their feathers and kilted might !
O give me that land where spleen can't move
The foeman's arm against those I love !

Then tell me not of my fatherland,
And of friends who love me there,
Its hills, and dales, and their flattering tales,
Are faded and full of care.

O ! what are those charms, to one's own grove ?
A land of freedom 's the land I love !

MARCH OF IMPROVEMENT.

TUNE—“*The Lass o' Glenshee.*”

Langsyne, when a callant,
I've oft heard my father
Talk of wonderful things
Both by land and by sea ;
O' great man-o'-wars,
When in fleets met together,
How brave they could fight,
And how fast they could flee.

He told how the telegraph
Ensigned the tidings
From mountain to mountain
For thousands of miles ;

How great the discovery
The first art of printing ;
That gave us the Bible
In black-lettered files.

He talked of the paintings
Of Raphael and Rubens,
And portraits unequalled
By Hogarth the great !
But O ! had he seen
The Daguerrotype proven,
How strangely he'd looked
At art's embryo state.

My soul ! had he lived
In this day of invention,
I wonder what he would
Have thought of their skill ;
To see their ships now
In their form and dimension,
How fast they can sail,
And how quick they can kill.

He knew not of Warner's
Long range ; nor of Congreve ;
Nor dreamed of the powerful

Invention of steam ;
Nor thought of the winds
 And the boist'rous sea-wave
Subdued by its strength,
 Without sail, mast, or beam !

He knew not of railways
 In every direction,
Nor of trains flying onward
 With lightning speed ;
Nor saw he the fire-horse
 That ne'er felt defection,
Nor weakness, nor fear,
 With but coals for its feed.

Nor thought he of wires
 Speaking in his simplicity !
Bearing quick news
 Of intelligence hence,
Thus giving a tongue
 To dread electricity,
Improving our traffic,
 Our morals, and sense.

If such since my childhood
 The march of improvement,

Compared with my father's
Vague knowledge of power,
How futile may seem
All our wonderful movements,
Compared with the light
Of Eternity's hour !

Hymns.

CONFIDENCE IN GOD.

O Lord ! responsive to thy call,
In life or death, whate'er befall !
Our hopes for bliss on thee depend ;
Thou art our everlasting friend.

Though life be short, and trials seem
To darken its protracted gleam ;
Though friends forsake, and foes contend,
Thou'rt still our everlasting friend.

Death may distract our present joy,
And all our present hopes destroy ;
Yet, these will in the future tend
To prove thee still our faithful friend.

O let thy Spirit with us dwell,
That we in future worlds may tell,
How we o'ercame, and in the end
Made thee our everlasting Friend.

CONFIRMATION.
—

O Lord do thou thy gifts bestow
On these adopted ones ;
And let thy Spirit largely flow,
And own them as thy sons ;
Even as thy promise was of old,
One spirit they should have ;
That all things past it should unfold,
Whith present light to save,

In dreams and visions of the night,
Revealing things to come,
Unfolding wisdom's purest light,
Of Zion's happy home :
New tongues declaring Heavenly power,
And light t' interpret plain,
That Saints may know in this dread hour
Thy gifts are come again.

Give faith to realize the same ;
With Truth thy Saints inspire ;
And own thy people's faith to claim
All else their hearts desire :

Let Wisdom, Knowledge, Truth and Love,
Lead them in thy commands ;
That they may prove thy gifts divine,
By the laying on of hands.

ANOINTING AND PRAYER FOR THE SICK.

When sickness clouds the soul with grief,
And wastes this mortal frame,
Thine ord'nance brings our woes relief,
Through faith in thy great name.
Anointed with the Holy Oil,
And by thy servants blest,
We wait upon thy promised aid
In all that we request.

If sin has brought thy scourging rod,
May we thy chast'ning prove,
And learn from all we suffer here,
Thy precepts more to love ;
But should the enemy of man,
Distracting cares intrude,
Give faith to overcome the ill,
And triumph in the good.

When darkness and temptations come,
And worldly cares arise,
And sickness, poverty, and death,
Our fondest hopes surprise ;
O let thy Spirit's light impart
Renewing strength divine,
That we may rise above them all,
And know that we are thine.

MARRIAGE. *MARRIAGE*

O Lord, do thou in Heaven seal
The solemn pledge these two have made ;
And may they still be blest to feel
The obligations on them laid !

And may their constancy of heart
Be like the master whom they serve ;
Nor ought in life ill thoughts impart,
To cause them from this bond to swerve.

Give them intelligence, and light,
To build their future bliss upon ;
And may thy laws, by day and night,
Unite their hearts in thee as one !

And may this solemn right inspire
The flame of pure connubial love,
And virtue prompt each pure desire
In all the scenes of life to move.

As sep'rate streams unite in one,
And flowing deep, their channels wear ;
May they in love glide smoothly on,
Still gath'ring, as they onward bear :

And like each tributary stream,
Their loving offspring still increase ;
Till generations countless seem
An ocean of their loveliness !

Give him the power to guard and shield
This helpmate of his future life ;
While she by softer passions, yields
The solace of a virtuous wife !

And when their mortal course is run,
May still this bond of love endure,
Till they, celestial honours won,
Live with the loving and the pure !

PRAISE TO GOD.

To thee, O God, we do approach
With gratitude and praise,
To know thy character is such
As 'twas in former days ;
That thou hast made us in thy form,
Though now we fallen be,
Yet but in fashion like a worm,
We'll rise to live like thee.

Thou dwellest in the purest light,
Where truth and glory shine ;
The brightest of perfected power,
And majesty is thine :
But man, alas ! how prone to sin,
How subject to disease ;
Deformed and fallen, touch'd with death,
He bends to every breeze.

Yes, thanks be to thy holy name,
For truth restored to earth ;
That man, though lost, can now regain
A pure celestial birth ;
And be restored to thy bright form,

Through constancy and love ;
To see thy face, and live with thee
On earth, or Heaven above.

What honour, glory, and renown,
Await the pure in heart,
When they, transformed to be like thee,
Shall all thy light impart,
And have eternal lives to give,
And kingdoms, worlds, to sway ;
Nor pain, nor death, nor sorrow feel,
Through all eternity.

CHANT—TRUE RELIGION.

Let heathens worship stocks and stones,
And Irun's sons Sol's ray !
While more enlightened, holier ones
Their senseless homage pay ;
But we will worship in the light
Of our beloved Seer ;
And to our God who reigns in might,
A glorious Temple rear.

Within its portals we'll be blest
With knowledge, power, and love ;
And every other gift possessed
That comes from Heaven above,
Will God reveal, nor ought conceal
That will His people cheer—
While they with patient ardour seek
A place Him to revere !

There in that holy place will shine,
The Twelve Apostles' fame,
Reflecting back the triumphs bought
From Satan's boasted claim ;
While in the prisons of the dead,

Salvation greets the ear,
Through these anointed men with power,
Those captives lone to cheer.

We'll to His shrine, our off'rings bring,
 Of gold and pearls most bright,
That, consecrated, it may shine,
 A palace of delight !
For oh ! how worthless richest gems,
 With Truth compared, appear,
To sceptred power, and diadems,
 The Priesthood then shall wear.

Come then, oh, come ! build up a house,
 As Saints they did of old,
That on this earth, as anciently,
 His name may be extolled ;
That thence the stream of life may flow
 Through this terrestrial sphere,
Till ev'ry clime, through Truth sublime,
 Celestial honours bear.

CHRIST'S SECOND COMING.

Come, come, O Jesus my Saviour,
O come with thy glorious train,
Long, long, we've sought the blest favour,
To greet thy fair presence again.

Yes, yes, O yes,
When thou comest in glory to reign.

Then, then, shall thy people behold thee
Arrayed in thy glorious power ;
Then, then, shall their arms enfold thee,
Who spurned thy kind message before !

Yes, yes, O yes,
When they learn what for them thou once bore.

Lo, lo, bright Zion descending,
With the Ancient of Days to meet,
And the bride, with the Angels attending,
Now cast down their crowns at his feet.

Yes, yes, O yes,
And in triumph each fondly will greet.

Then earth like fair Eden will flourish,
Where Saints will take up their abode,

And its fruits will immortal life nourish,
In the life-giving presence of God.

Yes, yes, O yes,
There no tyrant, will vex with his rod.

PRACTICAL RELIGION.

Come let us purpose with one heart,
To follow virtue, and impart
The bliss of life below ;
That we industriously may live,
And by our labour have to give,
As Gospel precepts show.

With diligence we'll still pursue
Those acts of grace and mercy due
To toil worn, lab'ring man !
We'll aid the helpless, and secure
The means of life to bless the poor,
And help them all we can.

Neat in our dress, not sumptuous clad,
Nor vain, nor sombre—looking sad ;
 In all our garments clean !
Fresh in our bodies, whole our clothes,
And free from all the spirit loathes ;
 Nor proud, nor lowly mean.

Still lab'ring with our head or hands,
We may lay up for just demands,
 And honestly provide
For spiritual light, and earthly things,
That we may have the joy that brings
 A Heaven to each fireside.

MILLENNIAL HYMN.

Hail ! bright millennial day of rest,
When earth 's restored and Saints are blest,
 Secured from Babylon's doom ;
Gathered afar from every clime,
To spend that blissful, happy time,
 Where vernal pastures bloom ;

Where tyranny no more shall reign,
Nor famished children beg in vain
 For what their fathers toiled ;
Nor proud men spurn the poor man's lot ;
Alike they'll share, nor envy not
 What former av'rice spoiled.

There Equity and Truth will shine,
And all revere God's laws divine,
 Nor fear oppressors' wrong ;
Each shall possess their dwellings fair,
And eat the fruits their vineyards bear,
 Rejoicing all day long.

O, Heavenly paradise of joy !
Where meek ones live without annoy,

Far, far from Gentile strife ;
Where God and angels love to dwell,
With the redeemed whose anthems swell,
The song of endless life.

O God ! preserve thy Saints t' endure,
That we thy blessings may secure,
Within thy promised rest ;
Then shall our tongues, in ceaseless praise,
Extol thy name through endless days,
On earth when it is blest.

ANTHEM.

This song of praise was composed in commemoration of the Exodus of the Latter-Day Saints from Nauvoo, in 1846, when many of them had no provision, nor shelter from the inclemency of the season. The Lord then sent them flocks of land-fowl, whereby His power was made miraculously manifest in the salvation of His people.

DEDICATED TO ELDER ROBERT CAMPBELL,

Who was amongst the dispersed, and who lost his wife on that occasion.

Sound the sweet Anthem o'er mountain and plain,
Jehovah hath rescued His people again,

His people again, His people again.

Shout, ye dispersed, o'er the plains of Missouri,

The Lord is your helper, though madmen may rave,
And hunt you afar from your homes, in their fury,
To herd with the wild beasts, "till want finds your grave."

Praise to Jehovah, the tyrant and sword

Have spent all their ire on the Saints of the Lord,

The Saints of the Lord, the Saints of the Lord.

Aloft from the Heavens the cry of their wailing

Brought land-fowls in flocks to the place of their rest,
Where the hungry and fainting had food without failing,
In plentiful stores, by Jehovah's behest,

Praise to Jehovah, &c., &c.

Loud rose the hymn of the Saints sweetly sounding !
Their enemies heard it, in wrathful amaze,
Yet the Heavenly boon unto them was astounding ;
They knew not His power, for they loved not His ways.
Praise to Jehovah, &c., &c.

Though far in the mist of the mountain and prairie,
Be hushed the glad news of the happier home,
Yet the day-star of Truth, from the mountains of glory,
Will tell of a kingdom no power shall o'ercome.
Sound the sweet Anthem o'er mountain and plain ;
Jehovah hath rescued His people again,
His people again, His people again.

The Poet's Farewell.

Fareweel, my cattie, fareweel,
Fareweel, my countrymen a' ;
For there's dool, and there's wae,
 To auld Scotia's land ;
And her glory is faded awa ;
 For the darkness of night,
 O'er the homes of the brave,
Sets for ever without a rescue ;
 For the terror of night,
 Gives the tyrant his right,
And her sons starve with nothing to do.
Oh hon ! for fair Scotia, oh hon !
Oh hon ! for her glory laid low.
 On the land, on the sea,
 Naught but wailing there be,
Proud Scotia, for ever, adieu.

Notes.

N O T E S .

“Inspiration.”

As present Revelation is a subject little understood by the religious world, the Author would show, in this short essay, the folly of learned men professing to convert the whole human family by books, translations, &c.,—independent of a living Priesthood; and by publishing and printing as many copies of the Old and New Testament, as could be deemed necessary for the world's *Salvation*.

Now, supposing all the nations of the earth could have Bibles translated into their own language, which would require five hundred versions, how could it be accomplished? comprehending, as they should, all the idioms of the half-expressed gesticulations of the various nations for which they were composed! not to mention the changes and improvements going on continually, to supply the growing improvement in the knowledge of these languages, and nations.

Any person looking at the changes which our own language has undergone since the days of Ben Johnson, in the sound and sense of words; and the still existing inaccuracies of our best Dictionaries and Lexicons, will see, beyond all contradiction, that the best English we are in possession of, is far from being pure.

And that this is an integral part of modern Theology, and the source of all their so-called improvement *on the Word of God*, we have only to look at the late edition of Dr. Conquest's translation of the Bible, wherein nearly twenty thousand emendations and translations are introduced as being *the very Truth!*

With all this before us, and the labour it would require to work out this great machinery of Sectarian salvation, the cautious inquirer will easily perceive the futility of all those schemes which have been so greedily taken hold of by the votaries of enthusiasm, in the shape of mesmerism, biology, spiritual rappings, &c.; and which the author endeavours to expose in his poem, entitled “*Inspiration.*”

But, to return to our former argument, let the reader peruse the following statement made by one of their own Divines, relative to this book-salvation, ere it can reach from the rivers to the ends of the earth. “The population of the globe has been estimated at one thousand millions; of these, only one hundred and seventy millions are nominal Christians, leaving eight hundred and thirty millions, who are Jews, Mahometans, or Pagans! Now, it is computed, that all the copies of the Bible that have been issued from the press since the art of printing was invented, do not exceed thirty-six millions. And, supposing all these to have been preserved and distributed throughout Christendom, there would still be one hundred and thirty-four millions of professing Christians for whom there exists not a single copy of the Word of God!! To supply each family of this number, with a copy of the Bible, would require, at the rate of the British and Foreign Bible Society's operations, or issue, not less than thirty years; while, to supply each family on the earth, would require, at the same ratio, no less a period than six hundred years.”!!!

Such a calculation as the above, sets for ever at rest the worse than absurd idea of converting the world by books and Bible translations.

"The word of the Lord endureth for ever, and this is *the word*, which by the Gospel is *preached unto you*."—I PETER i. 25.

"Lines to Elder Franklin D. Richards, by Miss Eliza R. Snow."

The introduction of these lines into the *Harp of Zion*, was chiefly designed by the Author to illustrate that union of spirit manifested by the muse, on both continents, approbative of good men, and their labours in the cause of Truth! As well to show forth the saintly feeling of brotherhood existing among the inspired of God's people. Indeed, the Author feels proud of the encomium—

"The gifted 'Lyon,' whose sweet sounding lyre
Breathes more than Ida's—breathes celestial fire—"

bestowed by this deserving lady; and can only return the compliment by the insertion of the whole poem.

"The Prophet."

Sometime in the year 1832, Joseph Smith, Seer and Revelator to the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints, predicted upon the head of Elder Orson Hyde, now President of the Quorum of the Twelve Apostles, that he should go to the City of Jerusalem, and be a Watchman unto the house of Israel, and perform a work in the consecrating of that land, which would greatly facilitate the gathering together of that people. In 1840, a lapse of some eight years from the giving of the foregoing Revelation, Elder Hyde, after retiring to his bed one evening, and while contemplating and enquiring in his mind upon the field of his future ministerial labours, the vision of the Lord, like rays of light, burst upon his view; when, according to his own words, the cities of London, Amsterdam, Constantinople, and Jerusalem, all appeared in succession before him, and the Spirit said, "Here are many of the children of Abraham, whom I will gather to the land that I gave to their fathers; and here also, is the field of *your labours*."

This, together with the former intelligence, inspired him speedily to fulfil that mission, which he accomplished in the early part of 1842.

Since that time, the ancient people of God have been seeking more earnestly to possess the land of their fathers, and have had societies on foot to emancipate the poor of their people; while the rich have aided them considerably to accomplish this great and glorious purpose, in the fulfilment of the prophecies of old, concerning them. And, although missionaries from both continents, of all denominations, have blindly assisted them to gather, and have endeavoured to Christianize them, still, with the exception of their love of country, they remain the same, as stiffnecked and rebellious to the belief of Christianity as ever they were. We, however, as a Church, believe that they will be gathered; and for this purpose, Elder Hyde was sent, not that they should become proselytes to "Mormonism," or that we should convert them to the faith that Jesus of Nazareth was the true Messiah, but that they should gather together, believing that he is yet to come. After they are

gathered, he will appear in his glory to rescue them from the power of their enemies. When they behold his hands, and feet, and the wounds he received in the house of his friends, then shall they be convinced of their error, then shall every family mourn apart, and, believing in him, a fountain will be opened in the house of Jacob for the remission of sins.

“The Orphan.”

This fragment of fortune's reverses, is a true picture, drawn from the past history of a good man, who lived not a hundred miles from the city of Glasgow, not fifty years ago. The Author admires *greatness*, in humble or affluent circumstances, and believes the adage of Pope—

“Honour and shame from no condition rise,
Act well your part, there all the honour lies ;”

which should be the measurement of our estimation of all good men. The Lord in the last days, in building up His kingdom, has made choice of poor men, who, in the world's estimation, would never have been chosen, nor lifted above the meanest circumstances; thus showing, that He is no respecter of persons, save where merit and goodness give a claim to blessing and exaltation.

“Profligacy.”

The ideas suggested in this poem are not particularly in favour of abstinence alone, but to delineate the usages, and meanness of spirit-retailers and drunkards. It is one of the greatest features of “Mormonism,” that all its adherents who are faithful, observe the Word of Wisdom—being a Revelation from God;—that is, they do not believe strong drink to be good for man, and consequently abstain from it, not only because it is destructive to the body, but because it is ruinous to the whole scheme of social, religious, and political government.

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ERRATA.

Page 8, Line 24, for "their fate," *read*, his fate.

- " 12, " 8, for "prize thee," *read*, prize you.
- " 13, " 17, for "with its laws," *read*, and its laws.
- " 35, " 17, for "age a tree," *read*, age of a tree.
- " 51, " 8, for "wand'ring," *read*, wond'ring.
- " 54, " 21, for "Where," *read*, When.
- " 61, " 14, for "chose," *read*, choose.
- " " 20, for "father," *read*, rather.
- " 76, " 5, for "change, Priest," *read*, change with Priest.
- " 92, " 11, for "earn'd," *read*, learn'd.
- " 103, " 2, for "Where," *read*, There.
- " 217, " 1, for "cattie," *read*, cottie.

$\Omega(X, \pi, \phi)$



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